From Every Tribe and Nation

Belle M. Brain

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BY BELLE M. BRAIN

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From Every Tribe and Nation

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Compiled by

BELLE M. BRAIN

Author of "Fifty Missionary Stories," "Love Stories of Great Missionaries," etc.

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EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

FOREWORD

THIS collection of stories has been made in response to requests for another volume on the order of *Fifty Missionary Stories* issued some time ago. To have all the stories about our fellow-Christians on the mission field was the happy thought of Miss Ruth I. Seabury of the Congregational Woman's Board of Missions. The suggestion was made to the compiler at the Silver Bay Conference of the Missionary Education Movement, and seemed so good that it has been adopted.

Some of the strongest Christians in the world are to be found in mission lands, and the Church at home should know more about them. Their heroism, consecration and devotion should be an inspiration to their fellow-Christians in the homeland; it puts to shame the careless, pleasure-seeking Christianity of the present day.

Only a few of the fifty stories in this book are about converts who have achieved fame in their own and other lands. For the most part, they are records of the deeds of humble believers whose names are scarcely known beyond their own villages, but whose hearts are on fire with love for God and with devotion to His cause.

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

The number of such stories as these could be multiplied indefinitely, for there are now some millions of Christians on the mission field. In the *World Missionary Atlas,* published in 1925, the number of baptized believers is given as 6,540,-830, and their gifts totaled $7,469,198 in United States dollars in a year.

Many of the converts are poor and illiterate, but they are true Christians. Not all of them measure up to the high standard of those mentioned in this book; many of them are weak and easily tempted, and some fall away from the faith. But such tragedies, alas, are witnessed in the homeland. Indeed, it is said that the proportion of professing Christians who remain true to their vows is larger on the field than at home. This showing is due, no doubt, to the fact that the standards for church membership on the mission field are so high, and that the shepherding of the flocks is so carefully done.

Those who support the cause of missions have a right to inquire whether or not missions really pay. Let these stories answer the question. The Christians on the field, as Basil Mathews says, " represent the dividends on missionary investment." Such dividends as these prove the investment sound, and sure of continued returns. Measured by our Lord's own test, " By their fruits ye shall know them," the converts on the mission field are not found wanting.

The stories here given have been gathered

from missionary books and magazines and from news-letters from various missions. As far as possible, they have been given in the exact words of the original writers, but in some cases it has been necessary to condense them somewhat, and a few have been rewritten almost entirely.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of the courtesy and kindness of the following editors and publishers who have given permission to use copyrighted material: Mr. Delavan L. Pierson, editor of "The Missionary Review of the World"; Mr. A. P. Fitt, managing editor of "The Record of Christian Work"; Miss Lucia P. Towne, editor of "Women and Missions"; the Editors of "The Youth's Companion"; The Macmillan Company, publishers, and Dr. Sam. Higginbottom, author, of *The Gospel and the Plow;* The Student Volunteer Movement, publishers of *Students of Asia;* Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, chairman of The Central Committee for the United Study of Foreign Missions, publishers, and Miss Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, author, of *An African Trail.*

BELLE M. BRAIN.

Schenectady, N. Y.

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SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

AFRICA

1

King Khama Enforces Prohibition*

By Arthur T. Pierson

KHAMA the Good,† king of the Bamangwato in Bechuanaland, South Africa, was one of the most remarkable men ever brought to Christ in the Dark Continent. He was an out-and-out Christian and a reformer of note.

When yet a lad he used to dream of governing a town as it should be, and one thing he determined upon was that no place over which he ruled should ever be cursed by drink. He stood out against the ideal of Bechuana "big chiefism," which was to drink, smoke, and have a harem, and when he set his eye on a goal he moved quietly and steadily on toward it.

For a long time after he came into power, Khama's position was one of conflict and difficulty. He had against him the old heathen element and at the same time the white traders who, as he

* Condensed from *The Missionary Review of the World.*

† When Khama died at great age in 1923, the news was cabled to all parts of the world. The headlines said: "Oldest king in the world dies; great African reformer made Bechuanaland the first modern prohibition country."

said, "trod his laws under foot because he was a black man." They would hide casks of brandy in mountain caves, and then come and lie to the chief while they were smuggling in new supplies of "fire-water."

Then he began to fight red rum systematically. He called the white men together and told them his mind. They pleaded to be allowed to bring in small cases of brandy as *medicine*. He gave his consent but said he must see no drunkenness. Of course drunkenness came. Then there was a new summons for the white men, and this time they were forbidden even to bring in drink for their private table use.

"Bring none!" he said. "I will allow none! There's an end of it."

He had to resort to fines, threats, and even to banishment from the country. But he stood firm. At length after many provocations, the crisis came. Notwithstanding oft-repeated warnings there was drunken violence and uproar, and good King Khama wore a stern and determined face. He went and saw with his own eyes how his laws were being trampled on. Then he said:

"You despise my laws because I am a black man. Well, if I am black, I am chief of my own country, and I rule here and shall maintain my laws. Go back to your own country. Take all that is yours, and go. If there is any other white man who does not like my laws, let him go too.

I am trying to lead my people to act according to the Word of God which we have received from you white people, and you, white people, show them an example of wickedness such as we never knew. You know that some of my own brothers have learned to like the drink and that I do not want them even to *see* it that they may forget the habit. Yet you not only bring it and offer it to them, but you try to tempt *me* with it.

" I make an end of it to-day. Go, leave my town, and never come back to it! "

The effect of such talk from an African chief was like a thunder-clap. Everybody was stunned. One man at last ventured to plead exemption from the stern law of banishment on the ground that he had grown up in the country and that he and Khama were old friends.

" Surely, for old friendship's sake," he said, " you will pity *me!* "

" Friendship! " exclaimed the indignant Khama. " You call yourself my friend, do you? You are the ringleader among those who insult and defy my laws." Then with withering words of rebuke, he answered his plea for pity by reminding him that there was a " pity " which he owed his own people.

Khama flamed with righteous anger, but he cleaned his town that day of the curse of the white man's drink. Then he also forbade the use, and sale, and manufacture of native beer. At one time

death seemed to threaten him if he carried on his holy crusade; but his only answer was:

"You may *kill*, but you cannot *conquer* me."

This one man—Khama—brought to Christ in the Dark Continent, ruling as a Christian chief, standing firm amid all the opposition of foreign and native foes, and actually carrying on measures for reform and for the extension of the Gospel, is in himself a whole volume on the evidences of Christianity.

2

Pa'ana, Daughter of Prayer*

To-day I would introduce you to the first woman baptized in the Takum district in the Soudan. Every rule is subject to changes, and in her case we departed from the written regulation that a candidate for baptism must be able to read the Gospel, and must have learned the first catechism of one hundred questions and answers. This was because she was well on in age, had many white hairs, and a face wrinkled with years.

Her name is Pa'ana and she is a widow. She earns her living by buying foodstuff and selling it again in the market.

At the first hearing the Word of the Lord was "sweet to her taste." Soon the Lord Jesus became her personal Saviour and she broke away from the old life of heathendom. After attending services regularly for a time and being instructed by the other Christians, she asked to be baptized. She was so earnest and so sure that the Lord was her portion, that though she could not meet the requirements, it was decided to grant her request. She has been a Christian more than five years now and no

* Condensed from the *News-Letter* of the United Soudan Mission.

one thinks it was a mistake. All these years she has been tested and found faithful.

On my return this term, I had her come out to visit me. She so much wanted to learn to read the Word of the Lord. Several of the Christians had tried to teach her, but each gave up the task. It appeared so hopeless. She wept and said:

"No one has patience with me to make me read! Doesn't Jesus want me to read His words?"

Then I questioned her about the Lord Jesus—His birth, His life on earth, His death, His resurrection and ascension, the future life—and to my amazement I found her well-grounded in the important essentials of the faith as taught in the Scriptures. Then I said to her:

"Now, Pa'ana, you forget about learning to read! You have another work. You tell others what you know of Jesus, and pray for all the work of the Lord."

Not again has she asked to be taught, "a-b-c." And she has not hesitated to speak for her Lord. Soon the women in the market-place began to hate her for leaving her old religion. They tried to refuse her a place to sit and sell her goods. They scorned her, reviled her and put her to open shame. But her heart was fixed and she looked to her Christ.

Oh, the power of the Gospel of Jesus, how it transforms lives! Never does this old soul stay away from services unless she is ill. And, friends,

listen! she gives *more than a tithe* to the Lord. Every Sunday she puts her tiny envelope on the collection plate. However much she may have to deny herself, her gift to her Lord is never lacking. There are faithful widows to-day who still give their mites and the Saviour looks down from the throne on high and in the Book of Remembrance it is written.

One Christmas as we came out of the chapel, some one came to me and said:

"Here is a sheep, white lady! Pa'ana wants to give it to the Lord for a Christmas thank-offering."

The tears came to my eyes and I could hardly respond. A sheep! How could Pa'ana gather enough pennies from her trading to buy a sheep? How many weeks did she have to save in order to give this present to the Lord Jesus? It was over and above her tithe, it was an extra free-will offering. The Lord reward her!

One day I went to her hut, and on inquiring whether she was in, I was told:

"She is at prayer in her hut."

Then I saw the grass mat (door) let down, and I heard an audible voice in prayer. Evidently she always prays aloud. That she has set times for prayer is quite generally known.

"Who did that?" I asked one day in speaking of something that had been done.

"The Daughter of Prayer did it," I was told.

"Who?" I asked and again got the same answer.

"Pray, who is the Daughter of Prayer?" I next asked.

"Oh," they (the native Christians) answered, "that is the name we have given to Pa'ana. Didn't you know? We call her that all the time."

And now I hear it all the time. "The Daughter of Prayer greets you."

Is it not a lovely name? A black gem in Central Africa, uneducated, poor, but a living epistle known and read of others to such an extent as to be given a new name, a glorious name, "*The Daughter of Prayer.*"

3

Rakeri Lays Down Her Life to Save Souls*

By the Rt. Rev. Alfred R. Tucker, Bishop of Uganda

The martyr spirit is not dead in Uganda, as the following incident shows.

Some few months ago I was officiating in the Cathedral at Mengo (Uganda). The great congregation had dispersed, and a large body of the communicants remained. Slowly the service proceeded, the profound silence broken only by the solemn words of the administration. The last communicants had returned to their places, and I was about to close the service, when from the extreme end of the building—a corner of the south aisle, in which she had been sitting by herself—a woman advanced slowly up the nave. I waited wonderingly.

As she took her place, kneeling alone at the rail, Henry Wright Duta, who was assisting me, whispered in my ear, "It is Rakeri."

"Rakeri!"

In a moment her story flashed through my mind, and with heart uplifted in praise to God, and with a voice ill-controlled through the emotion that

*From *Eighteen Years in Uganda and the East.*

welled within, I administered to her the emblems of the dying love of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Slowly and with dragging footsteps she returned to her place, and with the Gloria in Excelsis and the Benediction the service came to an end.

Now who was Rakeri (Rachel)? She was a woman connected with the congregation at Ngogwe, near the shores of the Great Lake. Some time previously it had been told that on a certain island sleeping sickness had broken out, and that the people were dying in large numbers without any one to teach them the Way of Salvation. This so touched the heart of Rakeri, who was present, that she volunteered to go and teach the women and children. She was warned. She was told of the peril. It would be at the risk of her life. Infection meant death. There was no cure. But nothing could turn her from her purpose.

"I know all this," she said. "But those people are dying and know nothing of Christ, the Saviour of the world. I know and love Him and must go and tell them of Him."

So she went, and after a while came back and told how she had been enabled to lead one and another to the feet of the Saviour ere they passed into the unseen world.

She returned to her post. A few more months passed by, and then came the news that she was ill. She was brought back and carried to the hospital at

Mengo, where Dr. Cook, having examined her, pronounced the fatal verdict, "sleeping sickness."

She lived for some months in the hospital under the doctor's care, and during the whole of that time, as long as she could move about, she was as a ministering angel to the sick ones in the woman's ward. She would go from bed to bed, reading with this one, praying with that one, soothing all their pain as far as she was able, and ever seeking with tender words and loving pleading to lead them to the feet of the Saviour. And all the while she was a dying woman.

It was during this time of comparative strength that Rakeri came to the communion service in the Cathedral (it is quite close to the hospital) as I have already told. She sat in that distant corner all alone, because she knew that people would shrink away from her as they would from contact with death itself.

I saw her once again. It was the last day of her life. She was lying on her bed in the woman's ward. The fatal slumber was upon her.

"The Bishop has come to see you," said the doctor.

Her eyelids fluttered for a moment as though she understood, and then she fell back into slumber once more. I could but whisper in her ear the blessing of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—and so she passed to her rest and her reward.

Where in the whole history of the Christian Church is there to be found a nobler instance of self-sacrificing love? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

4

Setosi the Slave*

By Dan Crawford

Missionary to Luanza, Lake Mweru, Central Africa

I have just heard from the western part of our field, where God's work has lost a humble native who was a prince in Israel. Sometimes we tremble for such high-strung ones: we wonder will they last. Something must burst, we think. Then oh! the great "Begone, unbelief!" day comes, and they die gloriously in the Lord, full of fragrant memories. Such a great loss we have suffered through the death of this Setosi, God's man in Christ.

One of the elders said: "Shall we ever see another man like him? I think not." Few, black or white, have shown more of the Spirit of Christ than he did.

When first converted, more than twenty years ago, he was a poor paltry slave. His master was angry, and threatened to sell him for getting saved. Does not slave master own soul as well as body? However, before this was done, Setosi had a royal opportunity of showing what Christ was doing for

*From *The Missionary Review of the World.*

him in the depths of his soul. So much so that one day the very slave master, Sasenda, capitulated to Christ and said:

"I have watched that slave of mine, Setosi, yes, and I can see that he is a changed man. Christ has changed him, and if that is what is meant by being a Christian, then I want to be one also."

After his old slave's death it was this same Sasenda, who, speaking with tears in his eyes, told how Setosi the slave had brought them all to the Lord. "He went straight, never swerving to the right or left, and we just following. A long way off, it is true, as he was far ahead of us, and it is owing to his straight life that we are here to-day."

Ah, this makes an old African missionary weep for joy!

One after another told how Setosi brought them to Christ. One even told how his whole village had been won through Setosi's faithfulness. Another said a beautiful thing, a real full-length painting of the man. Said he:

"We called him '*Osoma jakuenje,*' because among the elders he was an elder, among the young men he was a young man, to the children he was a child."

Know ye not that a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel? Was it not a king who said that the beggars of this life go on horseback while the princes do the walking? These are the real missionaries *of* Africa *in* Africa *for* Africa. Black,

but comely. They will miss him much, especially in the new district where he has lived the past few years.

It was a black man who carried Christ's cross for Him along the *via dolorosa,* and he it is, the same blessed black who carries many a lesser cross for us. Here comes the news of a noble worker fallen! "Only a black man!" Yes, but as white as many a white is black. No, I have lived long enough with both colours to know that the character of one's colour is not the colour of one's character. This black stalwart was a standard-bearer if ever Christ had one since the days of Paul. His fellow believers wept aloud and long for him.

More significant still was what a European trader did when he heard the news of this humble black's death. Did? First of all, he actually dismissed all his work people for the day; then, secondly, he closed up his place of business out of sheer respect for all this dead black man's faithful and exemplary conduct among them for years!

No friend he of the work, not at all! His life and method of action were against it all, yet God shuts the mouths of such people, yes, and opens their eyes even when they are in hell! Pray that God may save him yet as the result of his deep-dug respect for this black man's sturdy life lived before his very eyes!

5

Turning Cowardice into Courage*

By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie

Missionary to the Camerouns, West Africa, for more than ten years

Among the Bulu tribes when one desires to become a person of God, there are things to be done, difficult things. Open confessions to be made, public retributions to be borne, chastisements, often physical chastisements, to be endured, and impoverishments. . . .

Young women must confess to brutal husbands the secrets of their wild years, must suffer stripes and the outcry of the village. How strongly God draws these girls themselves can tell. One of the weakest of these, how well I remember her reluctance! We were sitting in her brown hut, the hut nearest old Obam Ze's palaver house, for she was the then favourite of that connoisseur of young women. Andungo was in her early twenties, pretty and gentle with that grace of manner which so much distinguishes many forest women. We had spoken of many things, the things of the gardens and of the village. When I spoke at last of the

*From *An African Trail.*

things of the new tribe—" Are you never drawn by these things? " I asked Andungo. There was then an agitation behind that young face, a wistfulness and a reluctance. She spoke softly with an exaggeration of caution. " I am indeed drawn, every day I am drawn," she answered. " The women of this village who are Christians, they speak continually words that draw me. My own heart agrees to their words, and my heart draws me. My mother is a person of God, she speaks to me words that draw me. But, ah, my friend! I am of a peculiar cowardice! My mother, she is of a peculiar courage; when she was first drawn to become a Christian she just went to her husband and confessed her bad deeds and endured her beatings and endured the talk of the village. But, ah, my friend! how could I bear to go to Obam Ze and open the word of my bad deeds to him? I cannot endure that thing. I am of a peculiar cowardice! " And she looked at me with a kind of subdued agitation—a reluctance, a wistfulness. " Who gave your mother her peculiar courage? " I asked her, and she told me Zambe had given that peculiar courage to her mother. Then we thought it would be useless to go to Obam Ze until God had given Andungo something to go on. These things are past the endurance of trembling girls like Andungo. It would be six weeks after this conversation when Andungo came to see me in my house, and she showed me her new face. There was the

face of a person of God. Every African missionary will know what I mean. And she said in her soft, hurried voice that God had given her courage, peculiar courage, so that she had endured to go to Obam Ze. To him she had said that she could no longer be a person of this world, she was drawn to be a person of the tribe of God. And she must tell him all her disobediences and some things of shame. " Go away! " said Obam Ze, " take away your bad deeds, don't spoil my ears with them, I cannot endure to hear them! "

This reluctance of Obam Ze is not characteristic—other husbands have a peculiar courage with which to listen to the trembling confessions of little new things, and there are women who will carry the marks of these hours to their dying days. These are adventures of poor flesh and blood.

EVANGELICAL SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

6

What It Means to be Born a Heathen in Africa *

By William Charles Terril

Missionary of the South East Africa Methodist Mission

One of our native East African pastor-teachers once asked if I knew what it meant to be born a heathen. The question set me thinking as he wished it to do.

Yes, what does it mean to be born a heathen? No pen, tongue or camera can adequately describe it. Even the simplest rules of life that govern body, mind and soul in Christian lands are practically unknown. Cleanness of body and purity of soul are foreign things, and every phase of a complex human life is influenced and coloured accordingly.

Yet here is a man, born in heathenism, who has developed into a strong and efficient leader of his own people. Why? Because of Christ and His Gospel. This man's filth of body, corruptness of thought, and blackness of soul have given way to the cleansing power of the Gospel. Then, in a very practical way, he began applying the power of the Gospel to his own people.

* Condensed from *The Inhambane Christian Advocate.*

This man, one time guilty of breaking every "Thou shalt not," is now a pastor-teacher! He is a new man. He was a stranger to soap, and almost entirely to water. His wives greased him with cocoanut oil and red clay, mixed with the juice of a tree. He dressed in leopard, monkey and baboon skins, with a full supply of charms to ward off evil spirits. He worshipped at the altars of the evil spirits that tormented him. His chief pastime was hunting with bow and arrow and drinking all kinds of native and imported liquors until he was drunk twenty-four hours of every day. A number of murders lie at his door. He took great pleasure in beating his many wives, though they had toiled all day in the broiling sun to dig, plant and reap his crops to support him and his horde of children. He was of the earth, earthy.

"You can't make anything out of that kind of a being! He is just an animal, not human."

Yes, it looked very like it at times. But underneath the filth and dirt of paganism, there was a spark of the divine. The Gospel has reached it.

"How do you know?"

See the change!

Before the sun begins to peep above the eastern sky he is awake, and rings the first bell for morning prayers. Then he returns to his house, gets a pail of water, some soap, and a towel, and has his morning bath.

"But that is nothing! He ought to be clean."

Yes, but remember his old time dirty body.

Then he goes to the little chapel, built largely by his own hands, and with much of his own money, saved through great sacrifice. His people are gathered for morning prayers. He conducts the service, leads the singing, reads from God's Book and explains it, and closes with prayer. Outside the humble chapel, his people greet each other with a cheery, " Agaceni! "

Then he breaks his fast either with a bowl of porridge, a piece of bread and some tea, or merely with an ear or two of corn.

School then claims his attention for two or three hours, and all the people, young and old, male and female, attend school unless they have a good excuse for being absent. He teaches and when the school is large, his wife and some of the advanced pupils help him. The studies are simple, but from his school boys have gone forth to the Bodine School and girls to the Hartzell School for advanced training.

School over he has his midday meal. But before eating he finds time for a talk with God.

" Oh, but that's nothing! "

Yes, it is, for he was like the animal. He did not commune with a Heavenly Father.

If it is the digging, planting or reaping season, he goes with his people to the gardens and works hard until sunset.

" He ought to," you say.

Yes, but he never used to work. Everybody worked but father. Now he works, and his gardens are so large and fine that a European farmer close by became jealous. What a change has come!

The day's work over, evening prayers are conducted by him or by one of the young men of his village. Another school session is also held. Then there is the evening meal, family prayers, and off to bed to be ready for work to-morrow.

Sunday is a full day. Early morning prayers, Sunday school, midday preaching service, an afternoon evangelistic campaign in the surrounding heathen villages, and the evening service of prayer, praise and testimony.

There are very many other matters that claim the attention of this pastor-teacher. Is there sickness? He must minister to the sick the best he can. Is one of his flock dead? He must superintend the digging of the grave, see to the work of the undertaker or do it himself, and serve as the minister. Is there family or neighbourhood trouble? He must be the judge. Are there letters to write to relatives or friends, "out in the world"? He must write them, or see that they are written. He must be all things to his people in order to win them for his Master.

He has come a long way from heathenism. The pit whence he was dug was deep. He has a long way yet to go, but he is getting there.

7

Christ or Mohammed*

SHORTLY after one of those terrible massacres of Armenians by the Turks that have so shocked the whole civilized world, a young girl of eighteen came with a group of refugees into a relief camp. She was in a pitiable condition and seemed to be suffering.

"Are you in terrible pain?" she was asked.

"No," she replied, "only it was given to me to know the meaning of the Cross."

The nurse thought she was crazed and questioned her further. By way of reply, she slipped down the one garment that she wore and let her bare shoulder come into view. There, burned deeply into her flesh, was the figure of a cross!

"We were in a village out there," she said. "The Turks stood me up and asked 'Mohammed or Christ?' and I said 'Christ, always Christ.'

"For seven days they asked me this same question and each day when I said 'Christ' a piece of this cross was burned into my shoulder. On the seventh day they said, 'To-morrow if you say "Mohammed" you live. If not, you die.' Then we

*Adapted from a story of Armenian Relief.

heard that the Americans were near, and some of us escaped. That is all, only now I understand Christ and the Cross."

This beloved Christian girl of only eighteen years was, like Saint Paul, literally bearing in her body the marks of the Lord Jesus, and will carry this cross till her death.

BURMA

8

Ko San Ye's Great Work in Burma*

By Sumner R. Vinton
American Baptist Missionary to Burma

IN the mission work of the Baptists in Burma there are two popular movements in progress to-day which show the power of the Gospel with special clearness.

One of these centers around the unique personality of Ko San Ye, a man of the Sgaw tribe of the Karens. The death of this man's wife and child first turned his thoughts into serious channels. Finding no satisfaction in the demon feasts and sacrifices of the Karens, he sought peace in Buddhism. He tried this for seven years, gave it up and sought out Christian teachers. For a year he received instruction in his own village from an evangelist, and then, with one hundred and forty of his followers, accepted Christ and was baptized. Up to this time his name had been Ko Paiksan.

"Ko Paiksan is dead," he said at his baptism; "there is a new man in Christ, Ko San Ye."

This new name means Mr. Rice-and-water and

* Condensed from an address at the International Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville, Tennessee.

was chosen to express his conviction that in Christ he had found his spiritual food and drink.

"Ko Paiksan served the devil, and served him well," he went on to say; "Ko San Ye must serve God equally well."

Nothing interprets his life and work since his conversion so well as this statement. He has been true to it ever since.

For some years following his baptism he lived on in his village of Padoplaw, daily receiving instruction in the things of Christ and seeking some form of service he might render to his new-found Lord and Master. His special talent was soon revealed to him. He had a peculiar influence over the heathen Karens and they came to him in great numbers. They would not listen to regular Christian preachers or missionaries, but they would listen eagerly to him or to any missionary or native pastor that he introduced to them. They not only came to him but urged him to visit them in their own villages.

This then was his mission—to bring the heathen under the influence of the Gospel message. He did not hesitate. With rare good judgment he chose ten centers, each of which was accessible to a large number of heathen villages, and began to make regular visits to them. Wherever he went, the people came together in large numbers. At Okkan over 5,000 came and stayed three days, many of them hearing the Gospel for the first time.

Ko San Ye is himself unable to read and feels incompetent to assume the position of teacher; so wherever he goes he takes with him a native pastor or missionary in addition to the pastors stationed permanently at these centers of work. His method is to state his own experience, his dissatisfaction with demon worship and Buddhism, and his complete satisfaction in Christ. Then he asks the people to listen to the Christian preachers. In this way thousands who have never heard the Gospel have listened attentively to the message of God's love.

The history of one of these centers of work will suffice to show, not only the influence of the movement that has sprung up about this man, but the power and hand of God in it.

Work among the Karens has from the very first been greatly blessed of God. The converts are numbered by the tens of thousands. But this does not mean that all work with the Karens has met with immediate response. There have been many rebuffs, and in many sections there have not been great results.

Donabyew is one such district. After long years of effort there was little to show for it except a handful of Christians at the town of Donabyew. Then Ko San Ye began work there. At the first visit people came in to see him from 111 heathen villages and they stayed three days.

At first they did not want to listen to any one

except Ko San Ye himself, and he had to resort to an Edison phonograph for which he had had several records prepared containing pithy statements of Christian truth. But it was not long before they were interested and began to ask questions. Two years later, just fifty years after the first attempts to begin work in Donabyew district, a jubilee service was held and within a month fully 1,000 confessed Christ in baptism!

Such experiences force us to conclude that Ko San Ye has been raised up of God to be the means of arousing the heathen Karens of Lower Burma out of the indifference into which so many of them have fallen. Between four and five thousand of them have already been led to Christ in connection with this movement.

Ko San Ye is a believer in prayer. God's presence is very real to him and in every emergency his first thought is to ask His help and blessing. This is the secret of the power of the movement.

I well remember one time when I tried to get from Ko San Ye some of the old rhymed couplets of the Karens, in which all the traditional teaching of the elders was expressed. A few days before, we had been at a conference and I had heard him use these by the score and had seen the impression they had made on the people. I desired to know them so that I might make a similar use of them, so I asked him to repeat them and let me write them down.

Oh, yes, he was quite willing; very eagerly I got a blank book and pencil, and put down as a heading, "Ko San Ye's Account of the Teaching of the Elders." He repeated one couplet, and I wrote it down with its interpretation. Another couplet followed with its interpretation. Then I waited for a third.

"Oh, *Thra* (teacher)," he said, "what's the use of this? Let us pray for the work at Hmaubi."

Then he outlined the situation there and bowed his head, saying as he did so, "You pray first, *Thra*."

My note-book has not yet been filled up!

CHINA

9

China's Great Evangelist, Ding Li Mei*

By G. Sherwood Eddy

PASTOR Ding Li Mei† is a Christian of the third generation in China. Born in the Shantung Province, he was a product of the Shantung Christian University, which for years has had the enviable record of graduating every student as a Christian man.

When Mr. Ding was twenty-eight years old, he became pastor of a self-supporting church in Tsingtau. During his early ministry he knew little of the power of prayer and the deeper Christian life. A series of evangelistic meetings had been planned in his church, but at the last moment the evangelist had disappointed them.

The lady missionary (Miss Vaughan), who was a woman of prayer, called the young pastor and told him there was no one left to take charge of the meetings but himself. In anger he slammed the door and left the room! Broken-hearted, the missionary gave herself to prayer and wrestled with

* From *The Students of Asia.*

† Spelled also Ting Li Mei. His calling card reads: "Lord Jesus' Blessed-Doctrine Disciple, Ting Li Mei."

God. That night the power of God seemed to fall upon speaker and audience alike. Conviction of sin was manifest. At the close of the meeting the young pastor went to the godly missionary and said with tears in his eyes:

"Pray for me, that my sin may be forgiven and that God may yet use me in His service. From this day, my life will be a life of prayer."

In 1900 when the Boxer uprising broke out in North China, Pastor Ding was seized and cruelly tortured in a magistrate's yamen. He was cruelly beaten with clubs and bamboo staffs, receiving two hundred and fifty blows, yet he steadfastly refused to deny Christ. He was finally thrown into a foul prison where, as soon as he was able, he began to preach Christ to his fellow-prisoners. The Boxers intended to continue the torture, but a group of Christians gave themselves to prayer, as was done for Peter in the days of old. Before the Boxers could carry out their designs, the Germans entered the city and he was saved.

After several years in the pastorate, Pastor Ding began to respond to calls for evangelistic work among the students. In 1910 he visited the Union College at Wei-hsien, where none of the students were willing to enter the Christian ministry, but seemed to have hardened their hearts against it. At the beginning he was not even permitted to speak of volunteering for the ministry because of the prejudice of the students. For days he gave

himself to prayer. One of the professors writes of the results.

"After the first day," he says, "it was announced that all college exercises would be set aside for two days. Pastor Ding's sermon on the duties of the watchman, based on Ezekiel 33, finally struck home, and seven of the seniors, the flower of the class, offered their lives for the ministry. Pastor Ding was physically exhausted on the third day, but continued in prayer, and the tide of blessing still rose in the school. The number of volunteers increased to sixty, and then to eighty. All were conscious of a closeness of approach to the Holy Spirit, such as they had never known before. Finally, out of 380 students, 116 volunteered for the ministry."

Pastor Ding has now become a great evangelist of great power. Hundreds of Confucian students have accepted Christ under his ministry and his services are sought for in all parts of China. When asked for his method of work, he replied:

"I have only one method, that of prayer."

The writer never will forget the days in the old Buddhist monastery of Wofosu, near Peking, during the student conference of North China. We had read of Luther and Wesley and others spending hours in prayer, but here was a man who was actually doing it before our eyes! Unnoticed by the crowd, one could observe him, during several hours of each busy day, retiring for quiet prayer

in the deserted cloisters of this old Buddhist temple.

On the last night of the Conference, when others had rolled into their cots, exhausted by the numerous interviews and meetings, the writer chanced to be next to Pastor Ding. Not knowing that any one was awake, he could be heard whispering in prayer almost until daybreak. He was spending himself in intercession and praying by name for all the students in the conference before they should return to their colleges.

Indeed, this man, who has been called the "Moody of China," and the "Apostle John of the Far East," seems to have a larger capacity for prayer than any other man of our time.

Prayer with him is not vain repetition, nor a mere mention of names. The writer found him one day with a little book of names which formed his daily prayer list. The writer's name was No. 1142. For all the student volunteers of his country, for inquirers and tempted men, and Christian workers of his own and other lands, this pastor, with an enlarged capacity like that of the Apostle Paul, seems to pray without ceasing.

Has not such a life a message for the students of the West and the East alike, and are not such Christian leaders the hope of every nation?

10

"I'm a Christian, Sir!"*

An Incident in a Chinese Labour Camp in France

By J. Miller Graham

I was endeavouring to arrange a united weekly service for the Chinese Christians in my area in France. This meant that I had to see four different commanding officers of the Labour Battalion, in order to secure permission for the men to leave their own compounds. I had received cordial consent from three of them, but when I approached the fourth, I was confronted by a somewhat different attitude.

"I don't think there are any Christians in this camp," said this officer.

"Oh, yes, sir," I replied, "I know of a few. But perhaps you have not been looking for them as I have."

A young lieutenant who was standing by was appealed to on this point. He replied, with some heat, "that he had no sympathy with Christianity; that, indeed, he was antagonistic to it."

"That, sir, is not the point. All I ask is that the Chinese who are Christians be allowed to attend the weekly service I am arranging for them.

*From *The United Free Church Record,* Scotland.

You will, I trust, allow to others the liberty you seem to claim for yourself in such matters."

Addressing the lieutenant, the commanding officer said:

"Go with Mr. Miller Graham, and find out if there are any Christians in the camp. Ask the interpreter; if any one knows, he will."

(Saluting) "Yes, sir."

So off we set in our search, the two of us.

He called for the Chinese interpreter. "Have we any Christians in the camp, Mr. Wang?"

Clicking his heels and saluting, he said, with a radiant smile, "I'm a Christian, sir!"

If the lieutenant had been struck a blow in the face, he could not have shown greater astonishment. He was completely taken aback. I did not know myself at the time that the interpreter was a Christian. It seemed like Providence taking the situation in hand, and, through the mouth of this Chinese Christian, administering a rebuke to that officer for his attitude to Christianity.

To cover his confusion, I inquired of the interpreter in Chinese, how many Christians there were in the camp, and he informed me that he knew of seven besides himself, and that there might be more.

"Why," said the lieutenant (somewhat crestfallen), as we walked back to the commanding officer, "that's the best man we have. We couldn't get on without him. He runs the camp."

"You will generally find that the case with the Chinese Christians," I replied.

. . . . . .

The following Sunday, seven Christians, carrying their Bibles and hymn-books, headed by the interpreter (he had learned his English in a mission school), turned up at our service from that camp. Some forty of us, all told, sat down at the Lord's Table to Holy Communion.

A week later the commanding officer himself asked me to form an officers' class at his camp for the study of Chinese—an invitation I was delighted to accept. On the lesson night each week I had a standing invitation to dine at the officers' mess.

11

Hsi Learns to Live at Peace with His People *

By Mrs. Howard Taylor

Missionary of the China Inland Mission

Hsi's first concern, on becoming a Christian, was to seek out the aged stepmother, driven from his home years before, and still living in poverty and neglect.

"Only return to us, mother," he urged, "and see how changed my heart has become. All that is possible, now, I will do to atone for the past. You shall have the best our home affords, and the handsomest coffin and funeral I can provide." †

At first the old lady was frightened, and thought he must have lost his senses. But by degrees it dawned upon her that he really meant what he said. And then with joy and wonder, she went with him and was reinstated in the old home.

"See," said the village women, "to be a Christian cannot be so bad after all."

And then there were his brothers, clever, un-

* Condensed from *Pastor Hsi, A Scholar and Christian.*

† When parents reach middle age in China, it is a son's first duty to present them with handsome coffins, as a token of filial affection. These are highly appreciated and placed in the guest-hall, the old people frequently calling attention to them with much satisfaction.

scrupulous men, with hot tempers like his own. Though all of them Confucian scholars, well drilled in "the five relationships," they had found it impossible to live together, and long ago the family had been broken up. Time only added to the bitterness of the quarrel, until everybody knew that the brothers were at daggers drawn.

But Hsi read in the teachings of his new Master, "first be reconciled to thy brother"; this, he felt, must mean just what it said.

It was a difficult undertaking, but he prayed much about it, and frankly confessed where he himself had been wrong. Publicly to sue for peace, for nothing of that sort can be private in China, meant not a little humiliation, and at first he was only laughed at. But by degrees he conquered the difficulty, and friendly intercourse was resumed.

"Surely," thought the onlookers, moved to approbation, "the teachings of the Western Sage have power."

The tie between Hsi and his wife was close and helpful. But it had not always been so. In earlier years, when he was an opium-smoking Confucianist, the usual wrangling and bitterness prevailed. Mrs. Hsi, though bright and attractive, was narrowed down to the ordinary routine of a Chinese woman's life. She could not read, much less write, and was in no sense the equal of her scholarly husband. But when the great change

came, the reality of his conversion was attested by the earnest desire and effort for her enlightenment. And when she too was brought to Christ, a new home-life began. Eager to understand the Bible, she soon learned to read. Her mind matured rapidly, and before long she was her husband's efficient colleague behind the scenes.

It was a wonderful development; just one of the countless, priceless blessings enfolded in the Gospel. But even then, and for many years during which they were growing in grace, Hsi was tried and humiliated by a tendency to jarring that it seemed nothing could conquer. He could keep his temper and control his natural irritability with almost anybody else. But with her ——!

How was it? Why could he not overcome? It seemed all the more strange because he truly loved her, and she was devoted to him. Few things are more humbling to a Christian who really seeks to live near the Lord, than failure in this direction. It certainly had one good effect, in keeping Hsi from pride of heart in a very practical way. He prayed about it constantly. Alone and together they cried to God for grace; and by degrees the difficulty was so completely conquered that their lives became a consistent testimony to the power of God in this respect.

As time went on Mrs. Hsi grew in faith and devotion, and came to take her place more and more independently in his work. From superin-

tending domestic affairs, she rose to full charge of everything, indoors and out, during her husband's absences from home. With a household of fifty or sixty people, patients to care for, medicines to compound, Sunday services to be kept up, as well as the daily instruction of workers in training for the Opium Refuges, it was no small responsibility. But she was a calm, clear-headed little woman, with a quiet way of managing people and things that was very effective.

And she was a woman of prayer. While intensely loyal to her husband's wishes, she was by no means pliable in his hands. And he came increasingly to value her judgment in important matters. As they drew nearer to the Lord, they became more dear to one another; and absorbed in living for His service, they lost sight of little things that had been trying between themselves.

EVANGELICAL SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

12

Mrs. Hsi's Gift for Hoh-Chau*

By Mrs. Howard Taylor
Missionary of the China Inland Mission

A little more than five years from the time of his conversion, Pastor Hsi had become the leader of quite an extended work in the province of Shansi, in Inland China. Eight or ten Opium Refuges had been established from Teng-Ts'uen south of his own home to Chao-ch'eng city to the north; and in the villages and hamlets all along the line little companies of believers were meeting regularly for worship.

But Hsi was not satisfied. A beginning only had been made. Constrained by the love of Christ and the need of perishing souls on every hand, he was eager to press forward carrying the Light far into the surrounding darkness.

Still northward from Chao-ch'eng, a day's journey nearer the capital, lay another important city. Beautifully situated, populous, and accessible, Hoh-chau was still practically without the Gospel. Passing missionaries had called there on their journeys, but no seed thus sown seemed to have borne fruit. For months Hsi had wished to open

*From *Pastor Hsi, A Scholar and Christian.*

a Refuge in this city but his hands were full of other work and his funds taxed to the utmost.

Still he prayed for Hoh-chau, not less burdened about its needs because for the time he could do nothing else to help. Every morning at family worship he remembered the city, definitely asking that God would send workers there.

At length Mrs. Hsi, full of sympathy, came to him and said:

"We have prayed a long time for Hoh-chau. Is it not time to *do* something? Why not send men and open a Refuge there as at Chao-ch'eng and other places?"

"Gladly would I," replied her husband. "But such work is costly and we have no money in hand."

"How much would be needed?" asked the little lady. "Thirty thousand cash? That is indeed a large sum." And she forthwith went her way.

But Mrs. Hsi could not forget the needs of Hoh-chau. All day long she kept wondering if there was not something she could do to send the Glad Tidings to that city. But thirty strings of cash! Once she might have managed it. But now she had so little of value remaining. And yet she did so long that those people might hear of Jesus.

Next morning Hsi prayed again for Hoh-chau, pleading its needs before the Lord and asking that it soon might be possible to open a Refuge there. The little service ended, Mrs. Hsi, instead of leav-

ing the room as usual, walked up to the table, and laying a little package before her husband, quietly said:

"I think perhaps the Lord has answered our prayers."

Wondering what she could mean Hsi lifted the parcel. It was heavy and folded in several wrappings. At length, inside a coloured handkerchief, he found to his surprise a complete set of all the jewelry a Chinese woman values most—the gold and silver rings and bracelets, the handsome hairpins, earrings, and other ornaments that form her husband's wedding-gift.

With tear-dimmed eyes he looked at his wife, understanding now the change in her appearance. The adornments of a married woman in her position were all gone. No rings were on her fingers, no silver hairpins showed below the dark braids of her hair which was simply tied with cord and fastened with a strip of bamboo.

"It is all right," she answered gladly, to his half remonstrance. *"I can do without these. Let Hoh-chau have the Gospel."*

Hsi took the gift that meant so much, and with it a Refuge was opened that soon became a center of light and blessing in the city. Before long a work was established that grew into a regular mission station that still continues. . . .

Many months later Pastor and Mrs. Hsi had the great joy of entertaining Mr. Hudson Taylor,

their great leader, in their home. The work in every center was discussed and Hoh-chau was mentioned.

"Ah, tell me about Hoh-chau," interposed Mr. Taylor. "Was not that the station opened by a special gift in answer to prayer?"

"Yes," responded Hsi. "Did the circumstance come to your knowledge so far away?"

"Assuredly it did. And I praised God for the love that prompted the offering."

Then turning to his gentle hostess he added, "Did you not find it difficult to part with all your jewelry, even those things that had been a marriage dower?"

"Oh no, not difficult," was her instant answer. "*It was for Jesus' sake.*"

"The work at that station," added her husband, "has been most encouraging. Twenty men have already been converted there."

13

Old Tai, Chapel-Keeper in Pen Yang *

By a Missionary in Interior China

Let me tell you how old Tai, chapel-keeper in Pen Yang, has been quickened in his Christian life. I have noticed a marked change in the last year. He is failing in health somewhat, and with it is becoming docile in his spirit, and like a little child. It is touching to see this stalwart, fearless, and at one time overbearing old farmer experiencing the transforming power of the Gospel of God's love. He came to me, not long ago, and said, very earnestly:

"Tell me what my faults are; I want to be better. You are my shepherd and I will do just as you say."

It was after the inquirers' class; we had given them a Chinese meal in our front guest-hall, and most of the men had gone away to their homes in the country. I went over to see about getting the rooms in order that they had been using, and while inside I heard voices in the courtyard.

I looked out, and kneeling on the ground in the

* From a letter read by Robert E. Speer at the International Student Volunteer Convention, at Des Moines, Iowa.

middle of the court, oblivious of everything around him was old Tai; and kneeling by his side was a poor old man whom I recognized as a street-vender of peanuts. He hardly made enough to live on and he had no home so we allowed him to sleep there. Old Tai had got him on his knees to pray, and was praying for him with all the strength of his rugged heart. With tears he was praying for this old man, who had wandered so far into the darkness, that he might come back.

"I don't know, Lord, whether he can come back or not," he was saying; "but Thou knowest, and if Thou canst, do bring him back, and make him to know Thee."

I don't know that I ever heard a more live and earnest prayer, but he did not intend to let his Christian love stop with simply praying for the man.

Winter had come and the poor old fellow had no warm clothing. He had to sleep in his coat, which was slit and tattered. So old Tai busied himself getting some people to help by buying him something to keep him warm. He told me about this and I was just giving something to help; but before I could turn around he was down on his knees in the middle of my study thanking the Heavenly Father, and praying again for the man he was trying to help.

"Teacher," he said to me, "I am an ignorant old man, and never have been to school. I don't

know anything about the great, deep teachings of Christianity, but I can tell of Christ."

As old Tai went out of the room that day, I thought of the time when Jesus called a little child and set him in the midst of the gathering, and said:

"Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."

14

Prayer Rock*

By S. Moore Sites

Pioneer Methodist Missionary to China

In the district of Bonnieburn, about fifty miles over the mountains from Foochow where the missionaries of the Methodist Church opened their first station in China, there is a busy river town. It lies away down the rushing burn and near the point where it reaches the river Min. Just back of the town there is a hill and on the hill is a large flat rock. The people call it "Prayer Rock," and this is the story they tell.

When Nathan Sites, one of the pioneer Methodist missionaries, visited this town many years ago, he found there a kindly folk who were open-hearted and willing to listen. One man of good family believed the Message and became a preacher. For many years he was pastor of the church there and it was his habit to go every morning, in rain, or heat, or cold, to pray at sunrise on this hilltop for the spread of the Gospel of Light through all these valleys. He grew old; but he still trudged every day to his place of intercession.

* From *Nathan Sites, An Epic of the East* (Revell).

When he died they found his knees calloused with constant kneeling on the rock.

And now on New Year's morning every year, the Christians of that river town meet at sunrise by the rock where the old man used to pray and hold there a service of prayer and praise.

His prayers have been answered. To-day in the city and district of Bonnieburn, with its million of people, there are a score of Christian chapels. Hundreds of bright boys and girls are in the schools of our Methodist Mission, and some lads walk eighty miles over the mountains to study in the Academy at Yenling in order to go back as preachers of their people.

15

Praying Chang of China*

By Charles Ernest Scott

Presbyterian Missionary at Tsinan, Shantung Mission, China

Brother Chang would not be called a handsome man. He is a peasant, minus his front teeth, is stoop-shouldered, undersized, partly deaf, and halting in gait and speech. He is uneducated, and poorer than most Americans can imagine. But there is a smile on his face and a gleam in his eye that arrests the beholder and makes him take a second look.

He learned the Gospel when Miss Vaughan came to his village with her tent to hold a Kung Ki. With her came a band of women from our Woman's Bible School which is largely supported by our Chinese Christians. Chang hung on the edge of the crowd of curious women and learned some new things he could not get away from. The more he pondered this "Jesus Doctrine" the more he believed it. His family and neighbours ridiculed and abused him for his faith. But a great peace had come to him; a "heavenly light" now filled his

*Condensed from *China from Within* (Revell).

soul and he wanted them to experience it. For this he began to pray fervently.

To his mind it was all-important to get the men of the village in touch with Christian leaders who could more fully explain the Teaching. He had no money, no name, no influence—not even a cart or barrow on which to bring foreign guests, even if they could spare the time to come. So he prayed steadily, in faith, for a year.

He prayed that on a given date Miss Vaughan might return with a band of Bible women; also that the "foreign pastor" and several native evangelists might come—and they all came.

He prayed for a crowd of heathen to leave their spring plowing to come and listen—and they all came.

No house or yard in the big market town was big enough to hold the crowd he wanted to see gathered; so he prayed that a large "revival tent" might come—and it appeared at the proper time and was set up.

He could not furnish seats and other accessories for the tent; so he prayed for them. And the people of his own and a neighbouring village brought all that were needed and put them at his disposal, even foreign lamps for the evening meetings.

It was soon realized that the preachers, because of the uncomfortable jam, would have to divide forces. So Miss Vaughan took the tent which

was packed daily, from early to late, with women and babies. Some Bible woman taught others who thronged the yard of Chang's mother. We men talked to companies on the streets and to the constantly shifting throngs who came to yards which were in friendliness loaned for our various headquarters.

Some results: There was a large number of women inquirers, about thirty. More than three thousand men heard the Gospel. And the local people themselves provided the money for the expenses of the meetings.

After we left, Chang was smitten with the need of a Christian school; so he prayed for it and for a teacher—and got both.

Then his old mother, in answer to his prayer of faith, accepted Christ.

A few months later his flaming zeal brought to his village a second series of meetings in which many of us were greatly blessed. It was noted by many as a curious fact that just before and just after these two series of meetings the weather was unusually cold and windy and dusty. Later it was learned that Chang had especially prayed to the Lord for the perfect weather that obtained during all the meetings.

I have since baptized a number of those for whom Chang prayed. All his family are now Christians or inquirers, and many outside are interested. Hopeful days are ahead for that village

and that region. And all because one humble man has tried to live up to the light he had—the Light that first dawned on him in a Kung Ki held in his native village for the women.

16

Sun Keeps Sunday*

By Ross E. Stoddard

A rug manufacturer in Peking by the name of Sun was converted. With fear and trembling he decided to shut his factory on Sundays, though it was necessary for him to pay his boys the regular weekly salary whether they worked or not. Then he found these young boy apprentices were very restless on Sundays and needed some occupation. So at his own expense he engaged a teacher for them, since he was not well enough educated himself, and has Bible classes for them on Sundays, incidentally teaching them all to read and write. This is the more benevolent when one realizes that these boys would otherwise have been beggars on the streets. There are an enormous number of these and all in terrible condition.

One of the missionaries (Miss Gowans) asked Sun to report to her after a year, on how his experiment in faith came out. At the end of the year he came delightedly to say that he had never before been so prosperous. He had never before been out of debt. He now owns his own buildings, is now out of debt, and now has money in the bank, so much has God prospered him.

*Condensed from *The Record of Christian Work*

Later on, from a conversation overheard on a train, something more was heard about Sun's Sunday keeping and his thoroughly Christian methods of conducting his business. Two rug buyers, either from Europe or America, were talking together and comparing notes about their business experiences.

"I ran across a queer thing a couple of weeks ago," said one of them. "I went to see that rug-maker, Sun. It happened to be on Sunday morning, and I found the place locked up. I went around to the back, where there was some noise, and if you will believe it, the whole bunch was singing, 'Nearer, My God to Thee!' With a reasonable amount of respect I waited till they would finish, but no sooner were they through with that than they started in on 'Jesus Loves Me.'

"I thought it was a bit thick, so I called for Sun. He came out, and very politely told me that he would not talk business matters on the Sabbath. You could have knocked me over with a feather! He, a maker, was telling me, a buyer, to come around on Monday! Can you beat that?

"I was just that curious that I *did* go around Monday and went through the plant. But, if you please, I had to wait again on Monday morning until they had finished morning prayers! That factory is the cleanest and finest in Peking, and their rugs are quite equal to, if not better, than the others. I took his entire output for the year!"

17

Why Mrs. Han Held Back*

By Mrs. Howard Taylor

Missionary of the China Inland Mission

There was an old lady, Mrs. Han, among the Christians at T'ai-yuan, capital of the province of Shansi, China, who had not yet joined the church. Converted a year or two before, her love and faith and the consistency of her Christian life were undoubted. And yet she had never asked to be received into the church, and seemed distressed when the subject of baptism was mentioned. This puzzled the missionary ladies, who could not think of any reason why she should hold back.

At length in a quiet talk with one of them one day the old lady unburdened her heart.

"Alas," she said wistfully, "if I could only be a true follower of Jesus and be baptized!"

"And why not?" questioned the missionary much interested. "Is there anything to hold you back?"

"Me? Why of course there is," exclaimed the old lady sadly. "How could I be His true disciple? I could never accomplish the work."

"But what work?" asked the missionary kindly. "Did not Jesus do it all?"

*From *Pastor Hsi, A Scholar and Christian.*

"Oh, yes! and I do love Him, and am trusting in Him alone for salvation. But I know that the Lord Jesus said that His disciples were to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Alas, I am not able to do that."

"I do love to tell of Him," she went on as her missionary friend seemed for the moment unable to reply. "I have told my son and his wife, and all our neighbours, and in the summer time I can go to several villages near at hand. Oh, I am not afraid to tell of Jesus! It is not that.

"But I am old and very feeble. I cannot read. My eyes are growing dim. And I can only walk a little way. You see it is impossible for me to go to foreign countries and preach the Gospel. If you had come earlier, when I was young—but now it is too late. I cannot be His disciple."

With a full heart the missionary explained the meaning of the Saviour's words and told of His perfect sympathy and keen appreciation of every act prompted by love to Him. He knew about the widow's offering; and of another woman who was not able to serve Him much, He said, "She hath done what she could."

"*What she could.*" Was that what it meant? Oh, then, it might be after all! The dear old lady could hardly wait till the following Sunday to be baptized. Full of joy in her new privilege, she became one of the brightest members of the little church at T'ai-yuan.

INDIA

18

A Case of Superiority Complex *

By H. Clay Trumbull

PERHAPS there is no more noble or lordly-looking set of men than the best specimens of high-caste Brahmins of India. They are not only highest in rank among the Hindus, but they deem themselves, and are deemed by their countrymen, as one with the gods. They are of a high type physically and intellectually, and are superior, if not superb in appearance.

This being the case, is it strange that for a proud and noble high-caste Brahmin to become a humble learner at the feet of Jesus is hardly less remarkable than the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, a member of the Jewish sanhedrin at Jerusalem? Such a wonder was not known on earth, at least in modern times, until near the middle of the nineteenth century, and then the world looked on with profoundest interest.

Narayan Sheshadri was the first high-caste Brahmin I was ever privileged to see, and he was then a Christian missionary minister. It was at a conference of the Evangelical Alliance in New York

* Condensed from *Old-Time Student Volunteers* (Revell).

City, and there were representatives from all the chief nations of the earth who had accomplished much for God and for their fellows. In that great assemblage of notable men no one was more highly honoured than Dr.* Sheshadri. In his white robes and huge snowy turban which set off in fine relief the rich olive complexion of his handsome, intellectual face, he seemed a lord among the lordly.

It was a sight not to be forgotten when he arose, and in good English and with graceful manner, told the audience how he had been won to Christ and how he now found joy in the service of his Saviour. It was an object lesson of the power of Christianity and the value of Christian missions.

Eight years after, I again saw him, this time at the Mansion House in London at a great gathering of missionary workers from all parts of the world. This, too, was a notable occasion. The Lord Mayor was present in his showy official robes and the Lady Mayoress honoured the gathering with her presence. Peers of the realm were there and God's noblemen from various parts of God's earthly domain. But once more the Christian Brahmin dwarfed them all, and caused all present to rejoice over what God had wrought through missions.

Yet of all the many times that I saw Narayan

*The Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, "Brahmin apostle of the out-caste Mangs," was the first Asiatic to be honoured in America with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Sheshadri, the occasion that stands out in my mind as the most impressive was when he gave a brief address in a church in West Philadelphia where a fine Christian audience had assembled to hear him on a week-day afternoon.

He was introduced as an evidence of the value of Christian missions that ought to satisfy any doubter on the subject. Perhaps his pride as a lordly Brahmin was touched by this reference to his rescue and uplifting, for as he stepped forward in his imposing presence and dress, he stood looking down into the faces upturned to his, and then said:

"My friends, if I had ever had any doubt as to the value of Christian missions, that doubt would be removed as I stand here and look into your bright and intelligent faces, and consider the facts in the case. When my ancestors were among the lordliest persons on earth, being considered as one with the gods and worthy of divine honours, your ancestors were among the most degraded of human beings, looked down on and despised by those of my race. Yet by Christian missionaries your fathers were sought out and won to Christ. In consequence you now sit here clothed and in your right mind, as a living proof of the value of Christian missions, concerning the interests of which we are to consult together this afternoon."

That was a fact to be remembered, a truth to be considered. It is indeed a truth that we do not

always consider as we should. I never realized it before hearing it thus brought out so forcibly; but I recalled, after hearing it, that when the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, visited India with Dean Stanley, it was said that the India officials sent into the jungle, and lassoed a few specimens of the ancient Aryan race from which the English people are supposed to have sprung, and brought them in for the young Prince of Wales to look at!

It is owing to Christian missions and missionaries that we are, under God, now above the level or low depths of our ancestors. All the civilization and the refinement and the Christianity that we enjoy in America, and on which we pride ourselves, we as a people (with the exception of the Hebrew race) owe to this glorious agency.

Would it not be well for us to heed the words of the evangelical prophet: "Harken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek Jehovah: look unto the rock whence *ye* were hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence *ye* were digged"? Since hearing Dr. Sheshadri, the Christian Brahmin, I am more ready than ever before to consider not only what is my duty to the cause of Christian missions, but what gratitude I should have to Christian missions in view of what they have done for me and mine.

19

A Moslem Trophy of the Son of God*

By Henry Atkinson, Muswell Hill, Ceylon

Our train had halted at a certain station and when a coloured man came to the door, one of the passengers exclaimed, "Hello, here comes a nigger!" Before we reached King's Cross that term of opprobrium was withdrawn, and I fancy the man who used it will use it no more.

To the amusement of our fellow-travelers my coloured friend inveigled me into a talk on comparative religion.

"Did I know that the Mohammedan believed in prayer?"

"Did I know that when the prayer season came the Mohammedan would brook no interference; he *would* pray?"

"Did I know that at all times and seasons the Mohammedan was a missionary?"

"How far could I, a Christian minister, say that of my people?"

"How was it that just now in the restaurant car few or none had apparently asked a blessing on the meal?"

*From the *London Missionary Society Chronicle.*

My fellow-passengers dropped their papers and listened.

Here was a man whose entire tradition was that of Islam; trained in a Mohammedan university; a man of culture and a gentleman to the finger-tips. Time and again I had to make concession to the charges he brought against our Laodicean handling of the faith of Jesus Christ.

My fellow-passengers took up the cudgels for me. For their own sakes I was almost sorry they did so because of the sound thrashing each man experienced in turn as the coloured man asked:

"Who were *they* in the service of Christ? What were *they* doing for their Master?"

"How far, in loyalty, would their lives compare with his Mohammedan kinsmen?"

"How did they employ their Christian Sunday, and what were the opportunities they were seizing to act the part of a missionary and maintain their Master's witness?"

It was a searching inquisition; all the more so that it was so evidently sincere.

Then came the man's own confession. In distant Ceylon he had heard the call of Empire and in 1915 had come to fight in the war for the great white King. For the first time he had come into contact with the Christian message; had listened to the evangel of the soldiers' padre; had secured a copy of the Gospel and one day found himself weeping over the majesty of its example and the

glory of its ethic. There, in a Flanders billet, he had bowed his head and confessed himself a trophy of the Son of God.

He told his story at length, impressively and tenderly, till not a man in our company but knew he was in the presence of one of Christ's miracles and the most unassailable of all Christian arguments.

For this man's part the best of his Mohammedan traditions were brought over and reconsecrated. He would insist for himself and others that what loyalty meant for his old faith it must also mean for the new.

Under the constraint of this railway missionary, one of my fellow-passengers promised that he would go to his vicar that very night and surrender himself for service. Every man of us knew that through this dark-skinned Cingalese we had been brought face to face with the Master of us all.

I have since learned that this man is the son of one of the richest princes in Ceylon. When he wrote to his people to tell of his Christian choice his father offered him £40,000 to abjure it, and when he declined, his father disinherited him. For three years he has lived a life of abject poverty, picking up stray jobs on the docks and giving most of his time preaching among the coloured seamen.

He is the livest wire I know in the Kingdom of God.

20

Chundra Lela's "House by the Side of the Road" *

By Mrs. Ada Lee

Lee Memorial Home, Calcutta

When Chundra Lela, the Indian priestess who searched so long for Christ, first came to our home † two years ago a stranger, at least once in our lives we entertained an angel "unawares." Her face first impressed us, then her calm, unruffled spirit. Soon we saw her devotion in God's work; not waiting for others, but going every day, from early morn till late in the evening, preaching everywhere.

She is now about sixty-five years of age, and begins to grow feeble and her eyesight dim; but she still travels forty and fifty miles distant to preach, holding meetings in different parts and working and praying for the salvation of the people. For thirty years she has thus been preaching the Gospel all over this dark land, to congregations immense and small, and the numbers she has

* Condensed from *An Indian Priestess: The Life of Chundra Lela* (Revell).

† The Lee Memorial Home in Calcutta founded by Mrs. Ada Lee and her husband, the Rev. David H. Lee.

led to Christ will never be known until she receives her crown.

On returning from her trips, Chundra Lela often turns in to rest a while with us and relate to us her experiences.

"What do you think, *mem?*" she said one day, as she took her place on the floor at my feet, as was her habit. "What do you think? The *sihiab logue* (the missionary gentlemen of the American Baptist Mission, of which she has always been a member) have built me a house to die in.

"'What! a house to die in?' I said when first they mentioned it to me. 'Do you know where I am to die? It might be in the train, or on the river steamer; it might be in the distant jungle, or perhaps while preaching in the street. How will you gentlemen build me a place to die in?'

"'Oh,' they said, 'it is true we do not know. But when you were ill, as you were a few months ago, or tired, and wish to rest a while, it will be well for you to have a house of your own.'

"'How you friends do trouble me. What would I do with a house? I wish to be free from care. Then, too, it would cost money to keep it up.'

"'Very well,' they said, 'but we will give you a pension of a small amount monthly, and from this you could keep it in repair.' And I yielded.

"One day, after the Conference was over and we were back in Midnapore, the missionaries said

to me, 'Come and see the spot we have selected for your house—under those mango trees, where you can be nice and quiet.'

"'What,' I said, 'away off in this field? Oh, no; if you will build me a house, build it on the roadside—close up—so that when I am too old and weak to walk, I may crawl up to the door and preach to the people as they pass by.'

"And they granted my request. And now I can preach as long as I live."

Would God we all loved our callings as well as Chundra Lela did. Many more would die at their posts and there would not be so many superannuated preachers and teachers and missionaries.

21

Frances, a Leper Soul-Winner*

By Sam Higginbottom

Head of the Allahabad Agricultural Institute of North India and Superintendent of the Leper Asylum

Fifteen years ago in the American Mission Famine Orphanage at Lalitpur was a girl of seventeen, Frances by name, sweet, attractive, a general favourite and engaged to be married. There came on her hands, around the joints of her fingers, some sores that refused to heal in spite of every remedy possessed by the missionaries.

An English physician was called in who said the girl was suffering from leprosy and should be removed at once from the orphanage. The superintendent wrote to me asking if she could be admitted to the Naini Leper Asylum. I wrote back asking her to send the girl. A few days later while I was at breakfast, callers were announced. They proved to be Frances and her brother, who had just been graduated from the Methodist Theological Seminary at Bareilly.

* Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company from *The Gospel and the Plow,* by Sam Higginbottom, M. A.

I told them to drive on over to the Asylum and that I would follow on my bicycle. After breakfast I rode over and caught up with them just before reaching the place. We walked in together. It was not the new asylum with its fine buildings and flourishing gardens, but that old unspeakable place. What the leper women looked like in the early days when I first took charge of the Asylum, is hard to describe. They were so dirty, so careless of their personal appearance, their faces so hopeless that it hardly seemed right to call them women.

Frances, dressed in her beautiful, white flowing garments as for some gala occasion, walked with her brother and me into that awful place. She caught sight of some of those creatures who sat gossiping under the shade of the neem trees. Frances took one look, then she threw her head on her brother's shoulder and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"My God," she cried, "am I going to become as they are? Is that what is in store for me?"

Her brother had to go back to his work and I had to go to mine and we must leave her in the Leper Asylum. She was so distressed that I was afraid she might attempt to destroy herself, so I asked several of the old men to guard the well.

A few days later my wife and I were over at the Asylum. I said to Frances, "I deeply sympathize with you. I know words are poor things to

express what I feel for you in this awful affliction. Yet in spite of it all, is this not true? In that orphanage those American women brought certain things into your life that have made it richer and fuller and better than the lives of these poor women?" She assented. I then continued, "How would it be for you to try to bring some of those things out of your richer life and put them into the lives of these leper women and children?"

She promised to try. My wife fitted her out with supplies. She started a little school. She taught the women to sing, the children to read and write. She had learned to play the piano in the orphanage. So I got a friend to buy her a little folding organ. This was a great joy to her and helped her in her work. Gradually there came a transformation over the women's quarters. The houses were made clean and neat and tidy. The women also improved in appearance. They washed their clothes, combed their hair and tried to make themselves attractive.

When the very hot weather came, my wife had to take our baby daughter up to the mountains. I went to our Woman's Hospital and said to Dr. Binford, "The leper women do so miss the visits of my wife; if you would go over to the Asylum some afternoon you would cheer them greatly."

She promised to go and a few days later drove over with two lady missionaries. On the way back they drove through the college campus where we

were playing tennis. After the game I strolled over to their phaeton. Dr. Binford said:

"Mr. Higginbottom, Frances opened her heart to me to-day. She said that when she first went into the Asylum she could not believe that there was a God; or if there were a God, she did not see how He could be a God of love and afflict any one as He had afflicted her. But she went on to say that now she could see it all. God had a work for her to do, ministering to other lepers. If she had not herself become a leper she could never have discovered her work. So she said that every day she lives now she thanks Him for having sent her here and given her this work to do."

For fifteen years I have known Frances. I have seen her work. I know that greater than anything she says is the witness of her life. That first heartbreaking cry I can never forget. Her face is furrowed with pain and suffering. The disease has worked its way. The little organ is always carefully dusted and polished, but it is never opened; she plays it no more. So many of the joints of her fingers have rotted off that she cannot touch the keys. But her face is always radiant, a smile plays about that pain-wrought face. No word of complaint, ever a word of cheer for him that is weary.

Most of the women in the Asylum are now Christians, having confessed their faith in the God and Saviour they have learned to know through

Frances.* I know of no life into which there has come a heavier cross than has come into the life of this Indian leper girl, nor do I know of any other human life that has taken its cross and borne it more bravely or with such unflagging courage.

*At the Student Volunteer Convention in Kansas City in 1914, Miss Bertha Johnson of India reported that Frances had already won more than one hundred women.

22

Hindu Sammy *

A regiment of British Tommies fresh from the home country were encamped just outside a town in India. Everything was novel to them, and one morning soon after their arrival, there went trotting along the road by the camp an Indian Christian preacher. He carried a big Bible under one arm and an umbrella under the other. Altogether he was a quaint little figure as he ran along in the dust and the glare of the sun.

Some Tommies hailed him as he went by with a question that sounded far more irreverent than in their hearts they meant it to be:

"Hello, Sammy! How's Jesus this morning?"

The little man pulled up short and looked at them with his bright, dark, piercing eyes. Then holding up his Bible, he said slowly:

"Do you Sahibs mean to say that you who sent us this Holy Book talk of the Lord Jesus like that? Do the people of your great country send the Gospel to us poor heathen and yet insult the Saviour?"

The men looked a bit uneasy at his words, but he went on: "I will, however, answer your question

*Reprinted from the Miscellany Page of the *Youth's Companion*.

and answer it from the Great Book itself. You ask, 'How is Jesus this morning?' I reply from Hebrews 13:8: 'Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever.'" Then, making the men a polite little bow, he went on his way with dignity.

That evening his wife was startled to see coming up the little garden path of their home, which was near the camp, two British soldiers. Her heart nearly stopped with fear for she was sure her husband had somehow offended the great British raj. The men inquired at once for her husband and he came to the door. They immediately seized him by the hand and very earnestly they thanked him for his plucky speech of the morning.

"After you had gone," they said, "some of us felt ashamed and we had a talk about it. My mate and I, we went off into the woods, and—well—there we gave our hearts together to the Lord Jesus Christ. We've come to tell you so, feeling that it was all through what you said this morning."

The dark eyes of the little Indian preacher twinkled with joy, and between the white men and their brown brother there ran that current of sympathy which moves too deep for racial hindrances and grapples souls together in eternal friendship.

23

Jamal Masih Answers the Question *

By Howard E. Anderson

Presbyterian Missionary at Ludhiana, India

"Which is the best religion of all, sir?" The speaker paused between throaty draughts at the community pipe and lazily rotated its long stem to the next smoker.

We had reached the village of Qasimpur and were sitting in a doorless building where travelers may stop and rest in their journeyings. A coarse-spun cloth had been spread over the woven hemp bed for us to sit upon. The roof of gray grass and broken bits of reed hung sagging close over our heads.

"You go up and down the land," continued my gentle-voiced questioner. "You are in a position to compare and weigh the relative merits. Which religion, in your estimation, is the best of all?" His attitude was one of polite compliment and apparent sincerity.

How could he be answered in such a way as to win the man rather than the argument? Would this friendly Hindu with shaven head, sitting in a smoke-circle rigidly closed to non-Hindus, feel the

* Condensed from *All the World,*

force of the Cross as an expression of saving love? A glance through that open doorway across the dry-run of a barren branch of the Jumna brought into view the Mohammedan section of the village where men dwelt side by side in severe separation. How might we answer so as to melt down pride, sweep away prejudice and gain a lost soul?

During the pause, Jamal Masih, my keenly discerning fellow-labourer in the Lord Jesus, rose and tacked a Christ-poster on the mud wall. While the little group was waiting for him to say something he slowly and deliberately extracted a bit of reed from the thatch roof to use as a pointer. How well he understood his fellow countrymen! His imperturbed manner caused them to forget their rotating pipe stem, and the neglected tobacco bowl ceased to glow or even smoulder. Child-like eyes backed by childlike minds were fixed upon the coloured picture of the Good Samaritan.

"You ask which is the best religion of all," he began in smooth, well enunciated accents. My, how I envied him his easy expression, so different from my throaty raspings after right pronunciation! "Listen and I will tell you a tale, and when you have heard you can make your own decision. That which is best will of itself appear best to you."

With deft touches he painted for us the picture of the lawyer who rose to make trial of the Teacher. He, too, had a question; lawyers usually do. It was this:

"What good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

And it was followed hard by another question, for this is also the way of lawyers in the East, especially ecclesiastical lawyers:

"Who is my neighbour?"

And Jamal Masih's clear voice grew resolute, and his words began to ring, as he went on with the tale of the Teacher; and his bit of a reed pointer traced on the picture each step of the story of him who proved neighbour to the one who fell among thieves. With convincing, challenging tones, the preacher brought the issue squarely before the questioner, as the Teacher had done with His questioner on that former occasion, and the lesson of neighbourliness was allowed to sink home of its own penetrating self.

24

An Ex-Cannibal Forgives His Old Foe*

By Donald Macdougall

THERE is no more striking illustration of the power of God to change the hearts of men than the conversion of the Maoris of New Zealand. In a quarter of a century a whole nation of cannibals was made at least nominally Christian through the preaching of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Let me give you an incident that shows the reality of the change.

One Sunday morning when the Rev. Mr. Taylor, a clergyman of the Church of England, was administering the Lord's Supper, there were two rival chiefs among the communicants, Tamati Puna and Panapa. When Tamati was admitted to the table, he found himself kneeling next to Panapa who, a few years before, had killed and eaten his father!

This was the first time they had met. For a moment Tamati was seized with the old spirit of revenge. His face changed, his tongue protruded from his mouth, and all the muscles of his body quivered with rage. He sprang to his feet, and was about to give the fatal blow to his old enemy, when

*From *The Missionary Review of the World.*

his hand seemed to have lost its power. He came to himself and walked out. In a few moments he returned, a changed man. Again he knelt next to Panapa, and burst out weeping and sobbing like a child.

"What was the matter, Tamati?" the missionary asked when the service was over. He had noticed his extraordinary burst of emotion.

"Ah," he answered, "when I knelt next to Panapa I recognized him as the murderer who killed and ate my father, and I could not control myself. But somehow I could not strike him, and as I walked out I heard a voice saying, 'Thereby shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.' I thought I saw a cross and a man nailed to it, and I heard him say, 'Father, forgive them.'

"Then I returned and felt ashamed, and came back to the altar. It was the love of Jesus that melted my heart and made me eat of the same bread and drink out of the same cup with the man who had murdered my father."

Here was a case of almost divine forgiveness. Could you have done as much?

25

Aparam To Bobo, One of God's Saints in New Britain *

By William H. Cox

Missionary at Rabaul, Island of New Britain

What Christianity can do for even the most backward peoples could not have a better testimony than is found in the case of Aparam To Bobo, a native chief of New Britain, whose home is near the center of missionary operations.

Aparam was born before the first missionary arrived, and knew no other life than that of barbarism with its suspicion and fear and its cruelty of cannibalism. As soon as he received the Light he became a preacher and was tireless in his activities as he journeyed here and there to tell the Good News to neighbouring villages. His missionary suggested that he buy a small boat as his journeys by water would be safer and more comfortable. To assist him, he advanced the money required.

It was not long afterward that Aparam brought the boat back, saying that he wished to return it. The missionary assured him that he need not be troubled about the money that was owing, as

* From *The Missionary Review of the World.*

he could wait. But Aparam said that the boat was of no use to him.

"When I go to a village now," he said, "the people do not wish to see me, nor to hear what I have come to tell them. All they have eyes for is my boat, and they crowd around it and feel it and admire it. They can talk and think of nothing else. It is a hindrance to me in my work."

And that true, good soul would not have a boat at such a price as that.

At a teachers' meeting, with the white missionary in the chair, the question arose as to where the next meeting should be held. One of the teachers suggested that it be held at a village an hour or two's walk into the bush. Another teacher, who was sometimes a little difficult to handle, objected to this proposal on the ground that a beach village would be much more convenient. A good deal of heat was introduced into the argument, and these two men were on their feet together expressing their views with warmth. The white missionary was watching to see that things did not go too far, but he did not know just what to do.

Just at the right moment, Aparam, who had been outside, came to the door. He saw at once that something was wrong and stood just long enough to take in the situation. Then he hurried across the floor to the teacher whose temper was getting the better of him, and those who saw it will never forget the picture. He put his two hands up on

the teacher's shoulders, and looking up into his eyes, begged him not to be angry.

"You must not be angry," he said in pleading tones; "this is God's house. Be calm, there is no need to be angry over this matter." He continued until the angry man was quieted and harmony was restored.

Many, many stories could be told to illustrate how genuine this man Aparam is, and how real is his Christian experience. To know him is to love him, for he is one of God's saints. He is now an old man and past hard work, but his faith and devotion continue unabated.

Let it be said that the people from whom an Aparam To Bobo could come, deserve the best we can give them, and that the mission work that could produce such a trophy is eminently suited to the task.

26

Buteve the Spiritual Beggar*

By John Williams
Apostle of the South Seas

Around the island of Rarotonga there is a good road which the natives call *ara medua,* or the "parent-path." Both sides of it are lined with bananas and mountain-plantains which, with the Barringtonia, chestnut and other trees of wide-spreading foliage, protect one from the rays of the tropical sun and even in midday afford the luxury of cool, shady walks of several miles in length.

The houses were situated from ten to thirty yards from this pathway and ranged in front of them, along the "parent-path" were six or eight stone seats of great antiquity. Here, in the cool of the evening, the inmates of the houses sat to chat with passers-by about the events of their own little world. It was thus I met the spiritual beggar Buteve.

As I passed by one evening, my attention was arrested by seeing a man get off one of the stone seats and walk upon his knees to the center of the pathway. There he began shouting:

"Welcome, servant of God, who brought light

*From *Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands.*

into this dark island! To you we are indebted for the word of salvation."

It was his appearance that first attracted my attention. His hands and feet had been eaten off by a disease which the natives call *kokovi* and he was obliged to walk upon his knees. Nevertheless I found that he was exceedingly industrious and not only kept his *kainga* in beautiful order, but raised food enough to support his wife and three children. In reply to his salutation, I asked him what he knew about the way of salvation. He answered:

"I know about Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners."

On inquiring what he knew about Jesus Christ, he said:

"I know that He is the Son of God, and that He died painfully on the cross to pay for the sins of men in order that their souls might be saved and go to happiness in the skies."

I inquired of him whether all the people went to heaven after death.

"Certainly not," he replied; "only those who believe in the Lord Jesus, who cast away sin and who pray to God."

"You pray, of course?" I continued.

"Oh yes," he said; "I very frequently pray as I weed my ground and plant my food, and always three times a day. Besides I pray with my family every morning and evening."

"This is all very excellent, Buteve," I said. "But where did you obtain your knowledge?"

"From you, to be sure," he replied. "Who brought us the news of salvation but yourself?"

"True enough," I went on, "but I do not remember ever having seen you at either of the settlements where I have spoken of these things. How then do you obtain your knowledge of them?"

"In this way," he said. "As the people return from the services, I take my seat by the wayside and beg a bit of the Word from them as they pass by. One gives me one piece, another another piece, and I collect them together in my heart. By thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying to God to make me know, I understand a little about His Word."

This was a most interesting incident. I had never seen the poor cripple before and from what I could learn, he had never been in a place of worship. His knowledge afforded me both astonishment and delight, and after this interview I seldom passed his house without stopping to talk to him.

JAPAN

27

How Neesima Stopped the Student Strike*

By Paul Kanamori
Japanese Evangelist

LET me give you an illustration of the power of love to melt the heart of man. You all know, I suppose, that the first president of the Doshisha University in Kyoto was Dr. Joseph Neesima. He was counted among the three great educators of the era of Meiji in Japan, and I am glad to say that I was intimately connected with him. In the early days of the Doshisha I was a student in his school. Afterward I was called by him to teach in the school and to be his assistant.

Once during the presidency of Dr. Neesima there was a great disturbance in the Doshisha caused by friction between teachers and students. The whole school was thrown into confusion and there was a great strike on. The president tried in every way to conciliate both parties. But even he could not effect a reconciliation. At last it was decided to expel the disturbing elements from the school.

* Condensed from *The Three Hour Sermon on God, Sin and Salvation* (Revell).

One morning when all the teachers and students were assembled in the chapel, the president came in with a cane in his hand. Whisperings were heard: "The president has a cane! He has come into the chapel with a cane in his hand!" As soon as he came in, he stood before the school and said:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to see such a disturbance in the school. It is a disgrace to Doshisha. But, as such a disturbance has arisen, we must punish the person or persons who are responsible for it. So this morning I will punish the offender."

Of course everybody supposed the president was going to punish the ringleaders of the rioting. But the president continued to speak.

"But, gentlemen," he said, "I cannot lay this responsibility upon any of the students, neither upon any of the teachers. Upon whom then shall it fall? I will tell you. The person who is wholly responsible for this great disturbance in Doshisha is Joseph Neesima, its president. It is the duty of a president to govern his school and keep it in good order. Now this President Neesima has failed to preserve order in his school; he has failed in the discharge of his duty. This great disturbance in Doshisha has not only brought great misfortune upon the students and has given great trouble to the teachers, but it has brought disgrace upon this institution. All this has come as the consequence of the president's inability to govern

the school and now the whole responsibility must be laid upon him. He must bear it and he must be punished."

As he finished speaking he lifted his cane in his right hand and, holding out his left hand, he began to strike it with all his might, again and again. He struck his hand so hard that finally the cane broke into three pieces. You can imagine the effect upon his hand. It began to bleed and the whole school was taken aback. How could they endure such a sight? One of the students rushed up to the president's side, and seizing his arm, began to cry:

"Oh, my teacher! My teacher!"

This cry broke up the whole school. Teachers and students all burst into tears and wept aloud. It was a wonderful sight indeed. The president with his hand bleeding and the whole school weeping!

Why did he punish himself? We could find no fault in him. He was loved, respected and honoured by the whole school. The rebellion was not against the president but against the teachers in the school. The president had had nothing whatever to do with the uprising and the whole school knew that. Why then, being faultless, should he punish himself before the whole school?

There was no need for explanation. Every one knew that he was performing *Migawari*—substituting himself for his students. They had trans-

gressed the laws of the school, they knew that. And transgressors must be punished. There was no other way in which order could be restored in the school. But Dr. Neesima was not simply a president, an administrator of the school. He was a father to his students, loving them as his own children. How could he punish his beloved children? He was placed between two fires—love and justice. And love gained the day. He chose to be wounded for their transgressions; to be bruised for their iniquities; to take upon himself the chastisement of their sins. And with his stripes their wounds were healed.

By this act of love the hearts of the erring students were entirely changed. No longer the rebels of yesterday, they were the most faithful and devoted students of the whole school. They had their pictures taken, grouped around a table on which were the three pieces of the broken cane.

"We are ready to give our lives, if need be, for such a president," they said.

The spirit of the whole school was changed. All friction between teachers and students vanished entirely. Ill feelings among the students were all gone. The school was melted into one harmonious whole. It was born again and became an entirely new school. Discipline was restored and the dignity of the school was greater than before. We had witnessed the power of love.

Whence do you think Dr. Neesima obtained

such a loving heart? Whence did he get this idea of substitution? He got it from the cross of Christ. I knew him very well. He believed in the cross of Christ. He not only believed in the cross of Christ, but he also tried to bear the cross of Christ in himself. He certainly did in this case.

28

The Awakening of Hirata San*

By Captain Luke Bickel

Baptist Evangelist to the Island Folk of the Inland Sea

"He came in through the hawsepipe," is a suggestive nautical phrase. My friend Hirata San did not; he clambered up over the stern one day looking for a job. The day was cold, a good winter snap was on. That fact presupposed clothes! All he had to support the dignity of his allegiance to the Mikado was half a shirt and a loin cloth, and a shock of hair thrown in by nature. He turned his toes in and made obeisance most eloquently. His bow fairly bristled.

"I'll do you the first chance I get," it said, "and I won't be long in getting one."

His crafty eyes looked straight in the direction of the eight cardinal points of the compass all at once. He claimed consideration on the ground that he had a brother on the ship. That only made things worse. The brother was bad enough! No, we did not want him. But he kept his eight-

*Condensed from the Log of the *Fukuin Maru* as quoted in *Captain Bickel of the Inland Sea* by Charles Kendall Harrington (Revell).

point eye on us, and the next time we wanted a man, he was there.*

Well, he had one virtue at least. He was openly, cheerfully evil. He and the devil went watch and watch. He gambled, stole and lied by preference. He drank heavily and loved to fight. Was he not a *jiu-jitsu* expert of seven years' training?

Man has a soul, they say. We tried to find his, tried for two years, but never got a glimpse. He came to the ship's daily worship with the rest, bowed his head like a saint, and looked out of his eight-point eyes at the rest of the crew, all at once, with a wink to which they responded. When it was all over they went away forward and laughed at the fun. Our heart was sore at the condition of things. What had we come for but to change such men as these? Yet change there was none. Long and deep were the searchings of heart. Did we so utterly fail to represent the Master that these men were not held in check, by shame if not by conviction?

Then something happened. One of the men fell overboard in a winter gale and was drowned. God used this to move our friend's heart. He began to inquire, but how? Must he learn English? No. Would he have to go to school and study before he could find help from Christianity? So little im-

* Captain Bickel's problem at first was getting a crew for his ship. They must be Japanese and good sailors; he wanted Christians but they were not to be had.

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

pression had the two years on the ship made! Ignorant to the extent of not being able to read or write the simple Japanese *Kana*, or syllable alphabet, morally crooked in all his ways, was there any hope of his being changed? In deep disappointment we answered his questions. We did not believe him sincere, nor did we later when he professed faith in Christ.

We refused baptism, but there was a change. Even we could not deny it. Yes, a change at last, slight indeed, but growing in force continually, until the old man in him became entirely new. No mere figure of speech is this, but hard solid fact. He was changed from the gambling, lying, thieving, quarrelsome, ignorant tool of the Evil One to a true child of God! No miracles in these days! No, not if this is not one. The quarrelsome man became the peacemaker, the man of evil life an example to all. So far so good.

"Captain," said an Islander one day, "I enjoyed the talk immensely last night."

"Whose talk?"

"Why, Hirata San's. As you know, he has been preaching every night for a week in this village."

As a matter of fact we did not know. That was the beginning but by no means the end. In the measure of his previous degradation was his conviction of sin. In the measure of this conviction was his appreciation of God's mercy and his longing to render the service of love.

We tried to teach him but failed. He was outside our methods somehow. But he pored over the old Book of books in every spare moment, so we left him to the Spirit of God. The harsh hands became gentle in service for others. The pride of other days became loving humility. The shrewdness of evil times turned to a remarkable resourcefulness in finding ways of service. And with all he developed a great ability to hold an audience with his powerful presentation of God's love.

We had long desired a systematic plan for colportage work in the Islands. A word spoken in jest gave the clue. We were lowering a boat together.

"How did you fare with your meeting last night?" we asked.

"Oh, very well indeed," he answered.

"We shall have to get you a little mission ship if you keep on like this," we said in jest.

"Yes, one like that," he said, also in jest, pointing to a little Japanese sailing craft.

That night we did some thinking and praying. The result, through the generosity of some friends, was that a little vessel was built for colportage work and Hirata San was placed in charge of her.

When the little ship was launched, we stood on the beach and watched him as he worked up to his waist in water. The tears were streaming down his face as he worked. He was overwhelmed with the thought of God's mercy in bringing him up

from the depths. A foreman shipwright stood by who had known him of old.

"Let him alone, he has a vile temper," he said. "He is so mad that the tears are running down his face, because the vessel is stuck a bit on the chocks. He is dangerous at such times."

Three years later this same foreman was baptized, having been led to God by our friend. After a most astonishing profession of faith made before the believers assembled on the *Fukuin Maru's* deck, he suddenly turned to us and said:

"And, Captain, I know now what those tears meant."

Hirata San, the gentle, humble, ever-faithful servant of God and his fellow-men, still lives and serves. May God grant him many days!

29

The Story Kanamori Told*

By Hendrine E. Hospers

Missionary of the Reformed Church in America at Saga, Japan

He was sitting in my big chair at evening, resting for one short day, here in our home in Saga, from his strenuous campaign, this tireless warrior for Christ, Paul Kanamori. We were all gathered around him for our evening worship, and after singing and reading the Scriptures this is the story he told:

"I was preaching in Okayama. After the meeting I prayed. I prayed as I always do, that my children† may be safe from earthquake, fire, robbers and pestilence. I believe in praying concretely, for just what I want, not merely, 'God bless my children.' Then I went to sleep in peace.

"The next day a special edition said, 'Tokyo and Yokohama destroyed.' That meant my children and my home too. Perhaps it was exaggerated. Another message came. 'Completely destroyed; thousands killed.' I decided to go to

* From the *News-Letter* of the Reformed Church Mission to Japan.

† His wife had been dead for some years. The great earthquake occurred September 1, 1923.

Tokyo to investigate. Perhaps my children needed my help. When I had left home I had had no time to go to the bank, and I had taken all the money my daughter had in the house. She had planned to go to the bank on September 1. If she had gone she would be uptown between eleven and twelve, just at the time of the earthquake. If she had not gone, she had no money.

"I reached Kobe and found that the railroads were destroyed and the boats were full. Also that I had to take along provisions for three weeks. So I collected food, candles, bandages, medicines, bottles of water, and applied for passage on the steamers. Fortunately there was a place for me.

"I arrived in Tokyo and walked through the city toward my home. Desolation was everywhere. I passed some scenes that were horrible. At last I neared my home. Everywhere buildings were shattered and swept over by fire. I came to my street. Here too was desolation.

"I came to my gate. With wonder in my heart I saw that it was still standing! I walked down the path. Through the dusk I could see the door and my house. It was standing. I opened the door and called my children, and out of the darkness one, then another, and another, and another,—*all four of them,* rushed out into my arms. 'Father, is it you?' they cried. 'Are you all safe?' I asked. 'Yes, we are all safe.' 'And not hurt?' 'No, not hurt at all!'

"They were all safe! Such a surge of thankfulness came over me, then such a surge of shame! I had prayed, but still I had come to find my children because I doubted that God had taken care of them. Here I found them unhurt and my house not damaged at all. Fire had laid waste the surrounding houses, but my house was untouched. Robbers had looted freely, but had passed over my house. Sickness had come to others, but my children were happy and well. They had food enough and laughed at me for bringing water from Kobe. The only thing they used in the pack I had so carefully prepared were the candles!

"Then I asked my oldest daughter, 'Did you go to the bank?'

"'Yes, I went to the bank, and came back with the money half an hour before the earthquake occurred!' They had money and everything they needed. God was good. He had saved them from earthquake, from fire, from robbers, from pestilence."

"But, Mr. Kanamori," I asked, "did you lose nothing at all?"

"No, nothing," he replied. "Here is something interesting. When I was exposed to higher criticism and 'took it,' I left my pastorate and accepted a government position. The movement for postal savings was beginning in Japan and I was appointed to lecture throughout the country. The sermon I preach now is '*Shinko no Susume*,' (En-

couragement of Faith); but the sermon then was '*Chokin no Susume,*' (Encouragement of Saving).

"At the end of the campaign the government presented me with the usual official present, a solid gold sake cup. It was very valuable, but useless to me. Because of its value, it was a cause of worry. So a friend who lived on Nihonbashi, one of the busiest places on the Ginza in Tokyo, promised to take it and sell it for me for about three hundred yen. This was three days before the earthquake. Nihonbashi was completely destroyed and swept by fire. Everything this friend had was gone. I never gave a thought to the cup. But when I met my friend and sympathized with him, he said:

"'And your cup was ——'

"'Oh, never mind about that cup; I am glad it is gone!'

"But he said, 'I have it. I found it.'

"And there was that cup unhurt! So you see I did not lose one thing."

We were all quiet for a few minutes after he stopped. Then he said, "Let us pray." And we all knelt while this strong man of faith asked of God definite things for us all. It was a prayer overflowing with confidence and trust and thanksgiving.

30

A Korean Pastor's Sermon *

THE native Korean pastors are men of a high order. They are well-versed in the Scriptures, mighty in prayer, and have a keen sense of their responsibility as under-shepherds of their flocks.

So well fitted are they for their task that, after an extended tour through the various mission stations of Korea, a well-known Mission Board secretary of New York City expressed it as his opinion that if for any unthinkable reason Christianity should pass away from America, the Korean churches could keep it alive and extend its power in all the world.

Many an American missionary who sits regularly under the ministrations of a Korean pastor has found in his sermons both inspiration and help in time of need. An illustration of this will be found in the following letter written by a well-known missionary to her sister-in-law in America. It was sent by way of China at a time when the Christians of Korea were suffering persecution of the sorest sort.

"Both our local pastors," the letter says, "are

* Adapted from a personal letter from a missionary in Korea.

in prison. One of them is here in the police station which they are using as a prison. I will never forget the sermon I heard him preach the Sunday after the first outbreak of trouble when he knew that he might be taken at any minute.

"He preached on 'the broad way of death and the narrow road of life,' and talked of the life of the spirit and the death of the body which comes alike to all. He spoke no word of the political situation, but he said in his sermon, 'If what you are doing is for the glory of God and the benefit of your fellow-men, why should you fear to die in the doing of it? You must die sometime. You might die some day of something you ate.' As we listened to him we felt that he spoke as one ready, if need be, to lay down his life for the sake of his Lord."

"*You might die of something you ate!*" What an ignominious death compared with dying for the glory of God! And what a quaint and telling way of putting it.

All honour to these faithful Korean pastors who "count not their lives dear unto themselves" but are willing to suffer and die, if need be, rather than deny their Lord. The name of this pastor is not given in this letter. But that matters little. He does not need such petty fame. His name is written in Heaven in the Lamb's Book of Life, and his reward is sure, for the Lord Himself has promised it.

31

Finding Time for Prayer *

Mrs. Scranton, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Korea, tells of the deep religious experience of a Korean woman who could not read when she last saw her, but has now given a testimony in regard to her manner of praying that shows that she has been learning some wonderful things from the Book. To a Korean neighbour, also a Christian, who declared that for her part she could not pray—that she has no skill with her lips and furthermore that she has no time, she revealed the secret of how she herself was able to pray.

"Am I not also a busy woman?" she said. "Yet I pray! When I get up in the morning, I say, 'My Heavenly Father, you have given me these garments with which to clothe my naked body. Now please clothe my soul, that it may never be ashamed nor afraid.'

"When I wash my face and my hands, I pray that I may be made clean inside as well as outside.

"When I make the fire, if I put on much wood it burns brightly, and I ask that the Holy Spirit may kindle just such a fire in my heart.

* From *The Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society*, 1900–1901.

"Then I sweep the room, and I say, 'Please sweep away all the bad there is in and around me.'

"When I cook the rice, I pray that heavenly food may be given to my soul, to keep it from starvation and death.

"When I wash the clothes, I again ask for a clean heart. When I iron them and find that there are spots remaining which in our bad washing we failed to remove, I ask God to be merciful to this sinner, and take away all the bad black spots from my soul which He sees there."

This Korean woman, at least, has learned to read the Bible to some purpose. She was one of those brought to Christ through the instrumentality of the Bible women of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

32

Pastor Kil's Sunrise Prayer Meetings *

By W. L. Swallen

Presbyterian Missionary at Pyengyang, Korea

Blind Kil,† the beloved Korean pastor of the large Central Presbyterian Church in Pyengyang, had felt for some time that a kind of coldness had come over the Christians in the city. So he and one of his elders resolved to go to the church every morning at dawn to pray for a blessing.

With humble, trustful faith, these two men continued thus in prayer every morning at a little past four o'clock for about two months. They did not speak of it to any one—in fact I think no one knew of it. But somehow it gradually became known to a few and presently there were a score or more coming to unite with them in these early morning prayers. Then Pastor Kil, seeing there was a desire on the part of others to join him, announced to the church one Sunday morning that any who wished to pray with him at this time might do so. The bell, he said, would be rung at 4:30 P. M.

The next morning at one A. M. the people began coming. By two o'clock several hundred had

* From *The Korean Mission Field.*

† Kil Moksa (also spelled Kill or Keel), the blind preacher of Pyengyang, has been called the "most spiritually-minded forceful and influential of all the Korean leaders." He was pastor of the largest and strongest native church in Korea.

gathered. When the bell was rung there were some four or five hundred Christians present, and after a few days the number who met at this early morning prayer meeting was between five and six hundred!

On the fourth morning, while praying, suddenly the whole congregation broke down weeping for their sins. Indifference, coldness, lack of love and energy for work—all were confessed and grieved over. Then came the joy of forgiveness and a strong desire to be shown ways and means of working for God.

Four more mornings were thus spent in prayer, the singing of praises, and asking God for guidance in their work. Then Pastor Kil, thinking it was now time to do something, asked how many would give a whole day to going out to preach to unbelieving souls and leading them to Christ. *All* hands went up!

Then he asked how many would go two days. Again nearly all hands were raised. At the request for three days, not quite so many hands went up, but still there were very many. As the pastor went on through four, five and six days, the number of hands gradually lessened, but even for seven days there was a goodly showing.

That was a blessed Communion of which they partook on the following Lord's Day. Since then the whole church has been eagerly going out and leading others to Christ.

33

Plough Work *

"Our minister is always talking to us about sacrifice. I am getting tired of it. He expects us to give, give, give all the time. He seems to think that the Church is the greatest institution in the world."

"Perhaps he is right. But I agree with you that we can't be always giving to the Church. There are other things to be thought of. I am afraid our minister is rather visionary."

The first speaker was a wealthy business man, the second a successful lawyer. Both had very large incomes and lived not only in comfort but in luxury. They were church members and gave "generously"; but neither knew the meaning of the word "sacrifice."

A few months later these two men joined a party that was going around the world. Before they started their "visionary" pastor asked them to take note of any interesting and unusual things they might see in the missionary countries through which they passed. They promised—carelessly perhaps.

In Korea one day they saw a boy in a field by the roadside pulling a rude plough while an old

* From the Miscellany Page, *Youth's Companion.*

man held the handles and guided it. The lawyer was amused and took a snapshot of the scene.

"That's a curious picture! They must be very poor," he said to the missionary who was acting as guide and interpreter for the party.

"That is the family of Chi Noui," was the quiet reply. "When the church was being built they were anxious to give. But they had no money; so they sold their ox and gave the proceeds. This spring they are pulling the plough themselves."

The lawyer and the business man were both silent for some moments. Then the business man said, "That must have been a real sacrifice."

"They did not call it so," said the missionary. "They thought it fortunate that they had an ox to sell."

Neither man had much to say. But when they reached home the lawyer took the picture to his minister and told him the story.

"I want to double my pledge," he said. "And give me some 'plough work,' please. I have never known what sacrifice meant. A converted heathen taught me. I am ashamed to say that I have never yet given anything to my church that cost me anything."

How much does the average church member ever sacrifice for his religion? How many that call themselves Christian ever sold the ox and harnessed themselves to the plough?

34

Pok Sung's Gift of Five Yen*

By Mrs. Horace H. Underwood
Presbyterian Missionary at Seoul, Korea

At the village of Hang Ju, about twenty miles from Seoul, four little churches had united in securing the services of an evangelist to raise money to send a worker into heathen villages to preach the Gospel. Night after night as the meetings went on, Pok Sung, an orphan girl of nine, walked five miles from Sah Meh, with her three-year-old cousin on her back, only to sit among unhearing ears while the congregation seemed to placidly repel the evangelist's glowing appeals.

Pok Sung's heart was opened wide, but what could a nine-year-old *girl* do? Orphaned, living with her uncle, caring for his children, what could she do? What had she to give? At last she knew! For New Year's (the great Korean holiday) she had been promised her first pair of shoes. Never in all her nine years had she owned more than a pair of straw sandals. Shyly she faced her uncle, and begged for five yen ($2.50). He repelled her by counting over his own SONS who had never had such a sum, nor dreamed of asking for such a fortune. She persisted, and explained

*From *The Record of Christian Work.*

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that she wanted it instead of the shoes that it would buy. Wonderingly, at last he gave it.

The little cousin rode a happy steed to church that night. Singing all the way, Pok Sung was the first to enter the church and take her place on the "woman's side." (In most of the churches the women occupy one side of the church, and the men the other.) She started all the hymns, she listened with shining eyes and eager ears, she prayed jubilantly in the concert prayer.

She was so noticeably happy that when she dropped her offering in the bag, the Bible woman fished it out, and unwrapping a ragged bit of newspaper gazed with astonishment on FIVE YEN! Five yen from Pok Sung, the little orphan girl, niece of the Sah Meh rice dealer! Wonder gradually gave place to horror, for a day's wages for a man are only fifty cents in Korea.

Hastily the Bible woman went over to the rice merchant and gave him the money. But he too had been watching his quiet little niece, and when he discovered the secret of her joy, his heart was melted. He rose, held up the money, told the story of the shoes, and made a substantial gift. Another, a "rich" (for Korea) man of Hang Ju, gave a rice field worth two hundred yen. Others caught the flame, and when the evangelist went away, he left a revived church with a fund of eight hundred yen to send the Gospel News to needy villages.

35

The "Washing Rite"*

By Mrs. Horace Grant Underwood
Pioneer Medical Missionary to Korea

On one occasion a Korean visitor whom Dr. Underwood was entertaining at his home in Seoul bought some Gospels merely as an act of courtesy and took them back to his home in Kok San.

Here for many months they lay on a shelf unopened. Then a chance guest saw them and had the curiosity to read them. He was literally enchanted; he pored over them day and night; talked of them to his friends; became converted to Christianity; and, although one of the worst and most hardened sinners in the community, became a marvel of character and conduct.

He and others who had become Christians through him, were not long content to go without some teacher to assure them that they had not misunderstood the Book. They wanted some one to explain it more fully. So they wrote a letter to Dr. Underwood and sent a messenger on the long trip to the capital to bring him to them. But it was impossible just then for him to go, so he sent a letter and more books, promising to visit them as soon as he could.

*Condensed from *Underwood of Korea* (Revell).

Work pressed and months slipped by, so they sent again. But the outbreak of cholera, the King's troubles, work on the Translating Board and many other things compelled him to put them off again. At length a third time, they sent a messenger with a most pathetic appeal.

"Are we such sinners," they asked, "that God will not allow any one to come and show us the right way of salvation?"

When this letter came, although it was very difficult to get away, Dr. Underwood found that he could go and Dr. Avison decided to go with him. It was a hard journey on which provisions ran rather low and the two men arrived tired and hungry.

But, if the fleshly man was hungry, the inner man of the heart was filled with joy, for they found a body of earnest Christians athirst for the Word of Life, who greeted them as though they were angels from Heaven! They scarcely gave them time to eat or sleep, so eager were they to hear more and to talk over their new-found joy. Far into the night they clustered around the two missionaries and, when at length most of them had gone to their homes, three remained. They had a question.

The command was to repent, believe, and receive the washing rite. Repent! they had truly repented and put away all idols and sins; believe! they did believe with all their hearts; but this

washing rite! there was no one to perform it, death might come and leave this command unfulfilled! So, after long waiting and prayer, by mutual consent they had each gone to his home and bathed himself in the name of Father, Son, and Spirit. What had the teacher to say to that?

To think of souls so obedient, so earnest, so eager to receive God's blessing, left neglected and hungry while the Water of Life is daily poured out in the home-lands for neglectful, indifferent, Gospel-hardened unbelievers! The missionaries could but recognize the validity of the self-administered ordinance.

They baptized several others, received a number of catechumens, gave clear, careful teaching and held a communion service. Then being suddenly called back to Seoul, they began their return journey with rejoicing.

MADAGASCAR

36

A Little Malagasy Apostle*

By T. T. Matthews

Missionary of the London Missionary Society

LET me give you an illustration of the good done by Bible teaching, especially among the young. A little Malagasy girl was brought to Antananarivo from the northwest province of Madagascar, and placed in the Friends' High School for Girls. Miss Helen Gilpin, who was at that time in charge of the school, made the imparting of Bible knowledge a very special feature of her teaching. The little girl was quick at learning, as most Malagasy children are, and very diligent. She made extraordinary progress in all subjects, but in none more than in Scripture knowledge.

The stories of the Bible threw a spell over her. She was fascinated with them as she had never before been by any stories and was never weary of listening to the Bible being read to her, until at last she could read it for herself. The story of the Flood; of Noah and his family in the ark; of

*Condensed from *Thirty Years in Madagascar.*

Joseph and his brethren; of the wonders of the Red Sea; of the wanderings of the children of Israel in the wilderness; of the death of Moses on the mount; of the three Hebrew youths in the fiery furnace; of Daniel in the lions' den—were there ever such stories as these?

Those of the New Testament were no less captivating. There was the visit of the Wise Men from the East, led by the star, seeking for the infant Saviour; the flight into Egypt; the murder of the children of Bethlehem; the calling of the Apostles; the conversions on the Day of Pentecost; the conversion of St. Paul and his travels.

Then the parables and miracles! But most wonderful and heart-stirring of all, there was the death of the Saviour on the Cross! These filled the mind and memory of the little schoolgirl by day and her dreams by night. They were as real as anything that had ever happened to her in her own life.

After being ten months at school, her mother came to take her home for the holidays which lasted two months. The journey took two days, and at the end of the first day, they entered a village intending to spend the night there and continue their journey the next morning. While the rice for supper was being boiled, they all sat around the hearth and chatted. The little girl and her mother were asked many questions—where they had come from, where they were going and why

they had been in the capital. The little girl told them about her school, and what she had learned there. Then she began relating some of the Bible stories, as samples of the knowledge she had acquired.

After supper, at the request of the people, she told more of the wonderful stories and also what she knew about the "New Religion," and its author, Jesus Christ, the Son of God. It was very late before they lay down on their mats to sleep, so it was very late before the little girl and her mother arose the next morning.

They at once prepared to continue their journey home. But to their astonishment, the people would not hear of this. They said they wanted to hear more of those delightful stories and the book from which they were taken, and more also about the "New Religion." They advised the travelers to rest for the day, and promised to provide food and lodging free, if they would remain another night with them. This they did and the evening and up to midnight was spent as the previous one had been. A number of the neighbours, who had heard about the wonderful stories, came in to hear for themselves. They also were enthralled by what the little girl told of the "New Religion" and by the hymns she sang.

On the following morning, before the little girl and her mother could start on their journey home, they were waited upon by a deputation of the

villagers to ask them to stay another night that they might hear still more of the wonderful tales. They said they would provide rice and *lacka* for them, give them a larger and cleaner hut in which to stay so that the people could come together in greater numbers to listen. Once more they consented to remain another night.

Next morning there was another deputation from the other end of the village, asking them to come to their end and tell those delightful stories there. The result was that they had to remain a week in that village and night after night, to crowded houses, the little girl sang her hymns and told Bible stories and all that she knew about the "New Religion."

They had to remain over Sunday and the little apostle had to repeat her stories, sing her hymns, and tell all she could, from morning to midnight, so great was the anxiety to hear her. Their eagerness for information about the wonderful "New Religion" was intense, and this thirst for knowledge kept on growing until a congregation was gathered in that village. At first they would simply meet on Sunday, sit quiet for an hour, and then break up. Some one with a good memory, perhaps, would retell as much of the Bible stories as he could remember, or they would sing over and over again all they remembered of some of the hymns they had heard.

This went on for some time. Then a church

was formed in that village, and to-day there are five-and-twenty village churches and five-and-twenty day schools within a circle of five miles of the village where the little girl and her mother lodged, and where she began telling the people those wonderful Bible stories.

That little girl has been for many years among the best and most devoted of the workers for the Kingdom of God. She did what *she* could, and has kept on doing so, and her efforts have been greatly blessed by Him in Whose service the Bible stories were so effectively told.

37

Making Shoes for Jesus Christ *

By T. T. Matthews

Missionary of the London Missionary Society

In a sermon in Madagascar I once told of an old friend of mine in Scotland, who, I said, made clothes for Jesus Christ. One of my local preachers who was present was very much impressed by what I said, and retold the story when preaching in one of the village churches in the neighbourhood of the capital.

A shoemaker who was a member of that church was much struck by what he heard, it seems, and said to himself: "If that European tailor can do his work for Jesus Christ, why can't I do mine for Him? If he can make his clothes for Him, why can't I make my shoes for Him?" And he then and there determined that he would.

Some months afterward he called on the local preacher and told him the following story. This is what he said:

"I have been a church member for some years, but it never struck me that my religion should have any bearing on my daily work. I thought that if I went to church twice on the Sabbath and to the

* From *Thirty Years in Madagascar.*

Communion once a month, gave a little money to the collection, read my Bible and prayed sometimes, that was all that was required of me. But that story you told of the Scotch tailor impressed me so deeply and threw such a flood of light upon my duty as a Christian man that I saw at once that I had been all wrong in the past, and that I ought to do all my work for Jesus Christ.

"Formerly I used to buy the cheapest leather and thread that I could get, rush home, make my shoes as quickly as possible, and then off to the market to sell them for as much as I could get—my only anxiety being to get as much money as I could, and as quickly as possible, however badly my work was done—that did not trouble me at all. That story, however, quite startled me. I saw how mistaken I had been, and what my duty was for the future; and I determined to do all my work for Jesus Christ, and I have done so ever since.

"I now buy the very best leather and thread I can find, and I put the best work I can into all the boots and shoes I make. I make them now just as if Jesus Christ had ordered them and was standing by watching how I made them, and waiting to put them on as soon as they were finished. I don't make so much money by my work as I did formerly, but I am very much happier. And the people are coming to know the kind of boots and shoes I now make, and I have as much work as I can possibly do.

"I can't preach or teach, but I can make boots and shoes; and that I do as well as ever I can for Jesus Christ's sake, and in the hope that in that way I may adorn the doctrine of God by a life and work such as will do credit to my profession of Christianity."

38

Razàka's Defence of the Bible *

By T. T. Matthews
Missionary of the London Missionary Society

Razàka was pastor of our old station church at Fìhàonana until he was called to his reward. Few men were ever more missed or more sincerely mourned than he. He was the best and noblest Malagasy Christian pastor I ever knew and one of the truest and most sincere men I ever met.

A tall, handsome, noble-looking old man, he appeared like a king among men, with his "silvery locks waving in the breeze," in his case a veritable "crown of glory." You felt, when you met him, that he was no ordinary man. "Nature has written a letter of credit upon some men's faces," says Thackeray, "which is honoured almost wherever presented." It was so with dear old Razàka. Honesty was so stamped on every feature of his face that you had but to see it to feel that he was one of God's noblest works—an honest man. One could not help being drawn, as by some magnetic influence, toward the good old man.

I well remember my first meeting with Razàka, a few weeks after arriving in Madagascar. We

* Condensed from *Thirty Years in Madagascar.*

could not exchange a word; we could only look into each other's faces and grasp each other by the hand. But I felt that here was a true man and my heart warmed toward him. He had done, and said, and suffered much for the cause of Christ in Madagascar, and the longer I knew him, the more I loved and respected him. We were fellow-labourers and the fastest friends to the day of his death, and he was ever a tower of strength to me. I hardly know how I could have got through half the work I was privileged to do in Vònizòngo but for the help and encouragement I received from him.

It was the grace of God that made Razàka what he was and sustained him to the end. He had a deep and passionate love for his Bible and I have seldom met any one who knew it as he did from Genesis to Revelation. The "word of Christ dwelt richly" in him and he ever strove to live up to its teachings.

"Supposing some one were to say to you, Razàka, that the Bible was not trustworthy," I said to him once in a Bible class. "What answer would you give him?"

"No one would be so foolish as to say anything of the kind, except some foolish Malagasy who knew nothing about it," he replied. "I should tell him to hold his peace until he knew what he was talking about."

"But," I said, "suppose some Vazàha (Euro-

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pean) were to say such a thing to you—how would you answer him? "

It was difficult to get the good old man to imagine any European who could doubt or deny that the Bible was the Word of God.

"Well," I said, "just let us suppose such a case for the sake of argument—I would like to hear how you would answer him."

"Well, sir," he said, "I know that God made me, and I feel certain that whoever wrote the Bible knew a great deal about me. It describes my state and needs as a sinner so exactly, that no one who did not know me could have pictured them as the Bible does. Now I know that no Malagasy wrote the Bible, or could write it. You Europeans brought the book from over the sea; and what European knows anything about me? You know more about me than any other European, but you did not write the Bible for it was here years before you came. The way I explain it, sir, is this: God made me, and 'Holy men of God' wrote the Scriptures 'as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.' And that is how I find my lost estate and my need of a Saviour so pictured there."

"That is very good," I said, "but suppose the European were to say, 'My good old man, that may satisfy you, but it proves nothing. It certainly does not prove that the Bible is true or that it is the Word of God. It is only a tissue of cunningly-devised fables, legal fictions, and false-

hoods.' What would you say then, how would you answer that, to prove that the Bible is trustworthy and the Word of God? "

"The Bible a fable, full of fictions or falsehoods, sir?" he asked. "That cannot be. The work it has already done in this land proves that it must be the truth of God. I don't know what your European falsehoods, fables or folk-lore may be like, but the Scriptures are very different from our Malagasy ones. Our fables and folk-lore are filthy trash and our lies as black as can be made. I am an old man but I never in my life knew a lie to do any good. As our Malagasy proverbs say: 'A falsehood may be very fat when it is uttered, but it becomes very lean when confronted;' and 'A lie is like the early rice—it serves the occasion, but does not hold out.'

"No, sir," he continued, "if we think of the good that the Bible has already done in this country, that seems to me to prove it to be God's book. No book could have done what it has done in this land unless it were the Word of God. What was this country before the Bible came? The people are not so wise and so good yet as we hope they may become; but a great change has come over them and it is the Bible that has wrought that change. I remember what the past was, and I know what the present is, and so can compare the two. The book that has brought this great change about cannot be a mere tissue of fables, and folk-

lore, fictions and falsehoods. It must be the Word of the Almighty to have wrought the miracles it has wrought in the land, and to have done all the good it has done. I could not believe that any collection of mere fables and folk-lore, or fictions, or falsehoods, could be the cause of the great transformations we have witnessed in the lives of many of our people."

Razàka was right. The Bible is its own best witness, and the miracles it works, both at home and among the heathen, the best proof of its divine origin.

39

Doña Carmen, a Living Epistle in Mexico*

By Mrs. William Wallace
Presbyterian Missionary in Mexico City

WHAT is the most inspiring thing that has come our way of late? It takes quite an expenditure of gray matter to select just one. So many blessings, so many sources of inspiration, are constantly coming to light in the endeavour to evangelize our beautiful and fascinating Mexico and her fine people! It may not sound strange to say that the majority of these really fine people are outside of revolutionary, political and military circles, and mostly within the pale of *pure* Christianity. This fact alone gives hope.

The most inspiring *person* that comes to mind just now is not among the high and mighty; is not a General or a Diputado; is hardly known outside the little village away down on the Papaloapan River in the State of Oaxaca where she lives.

Doña Carmen is a tiny body ("knee high to a grasshopper" tells her size), but her soul is as big as Mahomet's Mountain. She is a living

*Condensed from *All the World*.

epistle known and read by all. She is entirely alone in the world. Her husband and children are all dead. Having neither kith nor kin to work for, she goes cheerily ahead, helping her neighbours and all *their* children.

And who is her neighbour? All those to whom she shows mercy, which is every one within gunshot! She lives near the Presbyterian Chapel and her house is the rendezvous of all, a sort of annex to the church. With *reboza* over her shoulders and Bible in her hand, she rarely misses a service or allows any one else to become conspicuous by absence. Given enough Doña Carmens, Mexico would forget to fight and would soon know the peace that passeth understanding.

Listen to a conversation between Doña Carmen and her American friend who worships at her shrine. Of course they conversed in Spanish, but here is a free and easy translation:

Doña Carmen: "How many children have you, Señorita?"

Señora Americana: "Four."

Doña Carmen: "All living?"

Señora Americana: "Yes, all alive, and well and happy."

Doña Carmen: "Every one alive! You must be a very happy woman."

Señora Americana: "I certainly am. How many children have you, Doña Carmen? And are they all living?"

Doña Carmen: "I had *fifteen,* but every one is dead. Two sons died in the last revolution."

Then she added, with a sad, far-away look in her dim, old eyes: "But I, too, am happy. My Christian faith makes me happy."

Doña Carmen never heard of Ruskin. Her friends do not live in books, but in hot-country shacks next door to her own. Probably she is not acquainted with anybody between book-covers except the Lord Jesus Christ, or Moses, or Jacob, or some one like that. But she is the living embodiment of the "happiness which is everywhere and its well-spring in our own hearts."

PERSIA

40

Susane and Ali Khan*

By Gertrude E. Benz

Missionary in charge of the Kurdish Orphanage, Kermanshah, Persia

AT the close of a meeting of Moslem women in Kermanshah, Persia, one of them said: "I must know more of what is going on at these gatherings of women; and more about this new religion which permits a husband and his wife to live together on equal terms."

The remark was made in reference to Susane, one of the girls at the orphanage who had been married to Ali Khan, a recent convert from Islam.

It is easy to understand this longing on the part of the speaker when we realize that a Moslem woman lives in constant fear of her husband and accepts his abuse without complaint. She rarely eats with her husband, but serves him first and then makes her own meal from what remains. Should they be walking in the same direction, instead of walking together, the husband usually takes the lead and the wife follows some distance behind.

Susane had been in the orphanage about six

*From *All the World.*

years. She was a sweet, winsome girl, a good student and a leader among the children. Naturally she has exerted a great influence in her neighbourhood since her marriage. She began at once having small groups of girls and women come to her house to learn needlework and lace-making, the same as she had been taught in the orphanage. But she did not stop with this. Just before she dismissed her class, she always took her Bible and read and explained it to them.

By and by, when a baby girl came to their home, it was named Esther. Instead of wrapping it up with yards and yards of cloth until it was as stiff as a wooden doll, as Persian mothers do, Susane bathed and dressed it daily; and she allowed its head to be uncovered and its little hands and feet to be untied.

"The child will die!" her neighbours all exclaimed.

When the women in surprise and amazement saw that Susane's husband, Ali Khan, treated her with kindness and respect, they began to make inquiries.

"What is the reason for this?" they finally asked Susane.

"We are Christians," was her simple reply.

Needless to say this has brought many women to the meetings. They want to know more about this religion which is based on truth and love, and which gives life "more abundantly."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

41

Don S—— Receives New Vision *

By Jean Russell Hall

Presbyterian Missionary at Leyte, Philippine Islands

TO the life of Don S—— the insurrection of the Filipinos against the Spaniards and the coming of the Americans had brought great changes. His position as "Captain," with its honours and duties, was gone; likewise most of his small patrimony. He was old, and new ways were hard to learn, a new language impossible. His sons soon learned English and obtained positions of trust under American rule, but he retired to his little chalet and garden across the strait, there to pass his days in solitude and the enjoyment of nature.

Religion, as he had known it, brought him no consolation, and he had left the church of his forefathers. Even the one comfort remaining was soon threatened, for Don S—— was becoming blind. Cataracts had grown over both eyes. Perhaps he would better try this foreign doctor of whom he had heard and, if necessary, stay in the mission hospital.

* Condensed from *Women and Missions.*

"What a comfort to find an American who could converse with him in Spanish and even in his own less elegant tongue! Yes, the doctor's prayer to the Heavenly Father for help before beginning the operation had sounded sincere. Perhaps these people were really better than they had been painted!"

Thus ruminated the old ex-captain in his quiet little room in the hospital. And these nurses! A new thing under the sun surely. He knew his countrywomen, or thought he did, and these were his countrywomen, but somehow different. It must be the uniform! Yes, the fresh white uniform was very different from the starched *camisa* and long-trained skirt to which he had been accustomed. And the shoes too were an improvement on the shuffling *chinelas*. Yet clothes would not account for their difference in manner. . . .

His meditations were interrupted by a soft voice in his own tongue.

"*Tio*,* may I read a little of Jesus' words to you?"

"Yes, my child, it will while away the time."

The bright face of Nena, the nurse, glowed as she read of the healing of the blind man, but Don S—— could not see her through the bandages. He asked her about this blind man and asked for more.

The doctor came in to see how he was progress-

* *Tio*—uncle, a term of respect to one older.

ing. Yes, he would ask him why the young women were so different. Immediately out came the doctor's little New Testament from his pocket, and he read, too—not the story of the blind man, but the words of Jesus to those who would truly follow Him. Then he talked of Jesus to the patient who sat in darkness indeed.

Then Don S—— resumed his meditations.

He had always known what even the ignorant *tao* knows, that Jesus is the son of the Blessed Virgin. But why should this busy surgeon stop in the midst of a full morning to talk of Him? Yes, and the nurse had said that often the doctor was two hours late for his midday meal—a shocking state of affairs! Well, when his eyesight is restored he too will read from God's Word and learn this secret possessed by these quiet, capable countrywomen of his and by this foreign doctor. Somehow it seemed too simple to believe without further study.

But a few more readings of the sweet-voiced nurse, a few more talks with the busy doctor, and the spiritual eyes of the old gentleman were opened. He saw his Saviour and believed!

From that day forth what a changed life was his! The near-sighted eyes with the thick glasses spent many hours daily poring over the Spanish reference Bible he asked for and received. No longer did he spend his days in his little garden waiting for the end. There were not hours enough

in the twenty-four for the teaching of those who would listen. The little grandchildren graduated from his teaching and are to-day strong Christian students in the Mission College.

Now that he is an octogenarian his trembling handwriting is no longer legible, so he borrows the typewriter of his son, and sends many epistles that are full of the spirit and diction of Paul. In one of the last, among many other quotations, is one that is peculiarly fitting to the dear old saint:

" Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

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42

Hilary Clapp, an Igorot Physician of Luzon *

He was a little, naked, dirty, ignorant Igorot boy in the Philippine Islands. The future held in store for him nothing more than a mere existence, the wearing toil of wresting a scant living from the rocky soil of his home in the mountains. He lived in a little thatched conical-shaped hut, with a hole for a door through which he had to crawl on hands and knees. There was no ventilation, no light, but dirt and filth in abundance.

Then the Christian Church came to the mountains! It took this wretched little Igorot boy into the day school of the mission. He learned the story of the Lord Jesus Christ, and it inspired him with a desire to serve his fellow-men. He grew in stature and wisdom. He entered the university in Manila. And now, as Dr. Hilary Clapp, he has gone back up into the mountains to minister to the bodies and souls of his people, the Igorots of Luzon!

This young Christian whose advance has been so marked, was ever dear to the heart of Bishop Brent. Some years ago he took him with him on a trip to England. One day while they were staying in a country spot, it became necessary for the

* Adapted from *The Record of Christian Work.*

Bishop to send Hilary into London alone. He put him into a first-class carriage, and everything was all right excepting for his company. When Bishop Brent arrived in London the next day, Hilary asked him if gentlemen who traveled first class were supposed to be Christians. This was somewhat of a poser for the Bishop but he said that they ought to be.

"Well," said the boy, "one of the gentlemen in the compartment with me yesterday used awful language."

There it is! Contact with so-called Christians who dishonour their Master is one of the grave things to which Christian converts are exposed when they travel.

This young Christian Igorot has been found to be staunch and true to his Christian principles in the face of stiff temptation. Each year while in training, he returned to his own people who are still pagan (his father an old head-hunter) and his old friends tried hard to lure him into something that a Christian ought not to do. But never, not even in a single instance, was he known to yield.

43

How Candido Conquered Old Marcelina *

By Jesse L. McLaughlin

Missionary to Manila, Philippine Islands

When holding services in a little chapel in the edge of Manila, we put a young convert named Candido in charge. He was only about nineteen or twenty years old at the time.

We had to meet out under the trees, and there was an old man living close by—an old gambler, sixty years old, named Marcelina. Of all the vile brutes I ever saw that old Marcelina was the worst. He would go out at night, and while we were holding services, would throw stones and brickbats. If ever there was a devil incarnate, he was one. We had patience with him for a long time. One day Candido came into my office and sat down in a chair looking greatly discouraged.

"What shall we do with that old Marcelina?" he asked. "He came in last night and hit one of the little girls on the head with a stone, and she is seriously injured."

"I don't know what you ought to do," I replied. "But I believe that if Jesus were here on earth, He would pray for that old man."

* From an address at the International Student Volunteer Convention, Nashville, Tennessee.

" That is a doctrine you don't find until you take the Gospel," he answered. " With us it is an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and stab the other fellow in the back."

It cheered my heart to hear the young fellow say that. Then he went out and gathered twelve or thirteen young men and they formed a praying band. Every single night, for two long months, they met in a little room to pray for the conversion of that old man. Marcelina heard of it and came up to see about it.

" What are you doing? " he asked.

" We are praying for you," they said, " that God will give you love in your heart."

He rushed out, raving and swearing, and the next time they held a service, he threw clubs and stones. Still the boys did not give up. After that Marcelina could not sleep; and one night he got up when everybody else was asleep and stole along to where Candido lived and called him out.

" Candido," he said, " I wish you would tell me what it is that you have which I haven't got. How can you treat me so kindly when I am such a brute to you? "

They walked up under the palm trees and bananas, at the other side of the house, and that nineteen-year-old boy and the proud sixty-year-old gambler knelt down side by side to pray. I do not explain it, but I know what happened that night. Marcelina knelt down, and God took away

that stony heart which he had had for fifty years and gave him as new and tender a heart as a young child ever had. Later when he stood up with thirty-seven people for baptism, and I looked at that old Marcelina, my heart seemed to come up into my throat. I knew the struggles through which he had gone.

"I beg your pardon," he said after I had baptized him; "I thought that I was doing good when I threw those stones. I did not know any better."

"Wait, one word more, Marcelina," I said, putting my hand on his shoulder before he sat down; "what must we do to win a fellow-man for Jesus?"

He looked around and sat down crying like a little child, and we all wept with him. We could not help it. In a moment he arose and gave his testimony with tears streaming down his cheeks and his voice shaking.

"Pastor," he said, "we cannot win men by throwing stones at them. We cannot win them by treating them as I have been treating you. We must love them to Jesus!"

That is what we must do in Latin America and all over the world for those people who do not love Jesus. We must step over the barriers and help them and "love them to Jesus." Will you?

44

Blossom of Bangkok *

By Edna S. Cole

Presbyterian Missionary for fifty years in Bangkok

ONE afternoon when sitting on the landing of the Harriet House School for Girls in Bangkok, I noticed a little boat with a woman paddling, and a little girl. They stopped at our landing and the mother brought the little girl and a tiny trunk to me. Both mother and child saluated me in a very dignified manner, and the mother told the following story:

"I am a widow. I cannot support my child. I have brought her here to you. I want my Blossom to come and be your child and learn everything you teach here. I will pay you every month twenty-five cents for her support."

During the telling of the story I watched the child closely. The dark little face was very winsome, the bright black eyes quite fearless. I saw a rare dignity and power come into the little face, and read into it, "Here I am, take me." Somewhere an echo seemed to say, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

* From *All the World.*

Blossom lived in the school until she graduated and a year or two longer as a helper. Then she married a graduate from the Boys' School. The little home was started in one of the rich gardens by one of the beautiful canals of Bangkok. Three children came to the home and the days were joyous. Then death claimed one child by cholera and a day or two afterward another was drowned in the canal. Under the shadow of this great sorrow the mother was crushed and her heart seemed dead. She did not want to live, she wanted to go to her children. Death would be welcome, and she would be with the Lord Jesus.

Then came the thought, in the words of the hymn, "Must I go and empty-handed? Must I meet my Saviour so?" No Siamese woman goes to meet a superior without taking a gift, and she had nothing to take to her Lord. She must get her gift ready. All around her were children, many children, and very few of her neighbours were Christians. So she decided to gather in the children and teach them all that she had learned of Jesus and service. In this way was started the first neighbourhood day school in the city of Bangkok.

It was a heavy piece of work to teach daily in the school which soon numbered one hundred children and attend to all her home duties. But this was her "gift" to her Lord. The school has grown and made a name for itself. It is crowded

full of children and every year some of the best pupils are sent to the Harriet M. House School for advanced study. Three of such graduates are now helping to carry on the work. She and her husband have financed it all alone. There have been many hardships, and many weary days and nights. But with much prayer and great faith, the "gift" is being made ready for the King.

Here is a glimpse of the life of one Siamese woman whom the Lord has been making ready for His Kingdom. There are hundreds more climbing upward with much faltering it is true, yet surely climbing upward to the Kingdom of God.

45

A Cure for Dead-Beats *

By Robert F. Lenington
Missionary to Brazil

ONE of the common faults of the people of Latin countries is that they do not like to pay their debts.

In my town a number of business men were gathered together and were talking about the Gospel which was being preached there. They had all condemned it and were very much opposed to it, until finally they turned to one of their number, and said:

"What do you think of these Protestant services?"

"Well," he replied, "I want to tell you what I think. You know that I am a business man, and have a lot of bad debts. I have a book that I call my 'bad debt book.' The other day a fellow came into my store and told me he owed me something and wanted to pay it. I looked on the books and told him there was nothing there against him.

"'I am ashamed to say it,' he said, 'but you

* From an address at the International Student Volunteer Convention, Nashville, Tennessee.

will have to go back several years. It is an old debt, and perhaps you would better get your bad debt book.'

"I found it there, and the young fellow paid it. I don't care what you say about Protestantism, but that young fellow told me that it was because he had accepted Jesus Christ that he wanted to pay his debts. You can say what you please about Protestantism, but I want to say that a religion which will make a man pay his debts is the best religion a man can have."

46

Breaking the Power of Ghosts in the Chaco*

The Republic of Paraguay is divided by the Paraguay River into two distinct parts which differ widely from one another. To the east of the river there are good roads, towns with electric lights, paved streets, automobiles and all that pertains to modern civilization. On the west lies the Chaco, a great unexplored region with endless swamps, dark forests and savage tribes of Indians.

The Chaco is a weird and gruesome place and the Indians who live in it one of the most superstitious of races. And no wonder. Even European travelers passing through the Chaco at night have confessed to feeling so lonesome and creepy that they wished they were out of it.

It cannot be denied that strange, uncanny things happen in the Chaco. In riding at night through a Chaco forest, one is apt to strike a blast of hot air, and a little farther along, an equally cold current. Following one after the other so quickly,

*Condensed and adapted from *The Church in the Wilds* by W. Barbrooke Grubb, missionary of the South American Missionary Society to the Chaco Indians.

these sometimes produce strange effects that seem almost inexplicable. Sometimes, too, one meets a spiral current of cold air which travels quickly along on the order of a whirlwind. When one of these strikes the overheated body of a human being, it gives the odd sensation of a blow struck by an invisible hand. These natural phenomena are incomprehensible to the ignorant Indians and serve to feed their superstitious fears.

The belief in ghosts, witchcraft and omens was universal in the Chaco and completely dominated the lives of the people. The fear of the dead was especially strong and kept them in bondage. As the souls of those who had departed this life were supposed to wander around their old haunts for a time, seeking to frighten and injure the living, they buried their dead as far from their homes as possible; and immediately after burial, huts were destroyed and the entire village removed to a new location. No one willingly went near a grave and they had a great horror of a spot where a murder had been committed.

It was to this "land of ghosts" that the South American Missionary Society sent a young Englishman by the name of W. Barbrooke Grubb. He was commissioned to explore the Chaco and establish a mission among the Lenguay-Mascoy Indians. It was hard, slow, uphill work. There were no roads in the Chaco and traveling was difficult; and the Indians were suspicious and indif-

ferent. Young Grubb himself was free from fear in any form and could not be terrified by ghosts of any kind. In his boyhood days in Old England he had tested his courage many times by walking at night through an old churchyard, peopled only by the dead and supposed to be haunted.

But these Indians—how were they ever to overcome their fear of the supernatural? It seemed a hopeless task, yet he felt sure that the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ about death and the resurrection would do it in time. So he bent all his energies to preaching the Gospel.

Gradually there came a change. The first man to show any real interest in the Gospel was an Indian by the name of Kyemapsithyo. It soon became apparent that the Light was beginning to shine into his heart. He it was that tenderly cared for Barbrooke Grubb that sad Christmas Day after he had been stabbed in the back and seemed to be dying. And he it was who went with him and had his picture taken notwithstanding his fear that the camera might capture his soul. Little things, you say? Yet they were indications that Kyemap's superstitious fear was beginning to lessen.

"Why are you afraid of the spirits of the dead?" Barbrooke Grubb often asked the people. "They have never yet done us any harm and we are not at all afraid of them."

"But you are foreigners and have strength that we do not possess," was always the answer. "You

have power to bind the spirits so that they cannot hurt you."

It thus became clear that if their superstitious fear was ever to be overcome one of their own people must be the instrument.

At last an opportunity occurred. A child had been murdered on a certain spot well known to the people and they were afraid to go near it. So the missionaries appealed to Kyemap to prove to his fellow tribesmen that their fears were groundless. They asked him to sleep for two whole nights on the actual scene of the murder! It was a hard thing they asked, but eventually he consented.

The first night he slept but little, though he maintained that nothing had disturbed him. On the second night, having gained confidence and courage, he slept comfortably all night long. Naturally the people were greatly surprised.

"If Kyemap can do this," they argued, "surely any of us can."

How severe a test it was perhaps only those who have worked in the Chaco can know. But Kyemap met it courageously and a great blow was dealt to heathen fear and superstition.

Kyemap was the first baptized convert in the Chaco. There are many now and they never hesitate to pass through districts said to be haunted even when alone and in the ghostly hours of the early morning. No greater evidence of the power of the Gospel could be found.

47

The Making of a Minister in Chile*

By Robert B. Elmore
Superintendent of Educational Work, Valparaiso, Chile

A few years ago there was a young man in the south of Chile who earned a good living as a harness maker. He would make up a supply of his goods and travel through the country selling them. On one of his trips he was entertained by a family in their little one-roomed house next door to a family that was singing Gospel hymns. The music attracted him and he began to investigate what they were singing. In time his interest led to his conversion and he began to put into practice the teachings of the Bible. Among other things he made up his mind not to open his shop on Sunday any more.

Now in parts of Chile Sunday is the great market day when the country people ride into town to make their purchases. So when Carlos Urrutia did not open up his shop on Sunday it was soon surrounded by perplexed customers who could not understand why they could not buy what they needed. They always had done so!

* Condensed from *All the World.*

"But, my friends, I am a Christian now," the young harness maker declared. "The Bible tells me to keep the Sabbath holy. I can't sell you anything to-day. But if you will come some other day in the week, I shall be glad to sell you what you want."

"If you don't sell to us on Sunday," they declared, "we won't buy from you at all."

"I am sorry, my friends, but I can't sell you anything on Sunday."

So they determined to break up his business by not buying anything from him. Day after day went by with no sales. At last the little money he had saved was used up and his wife and children began to be in want. Still he held out true to his convictions and kept his shop closed on Sundays. Then, just when he did not know what to do, his faithfulness had its reward. One day, during the week, a man rode up to his shop and purchased a thousand *pesos* worth of goods!

From that day on everything favoured him and he began to save up money. When he thought he had enough for his needs, he gave up his business, went to the Union Bible Seminary at Santiago and presented himself as a candidate for the ministry. If only he might be allowed to attend the classes and prepare himself to be a preacher, he would meet all his expenses himself.

Though he came almost unknown to the missionaries in charge of the Seminary, his faithfulness

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and his eagerness to learn soon commended him to them. After a while it became evident that he was in some difficulty. It was costing more to live in the small town and his money was running out. His wife was sick, and as they could not afford a servant, he was getting up early to wash and cook and care for his sick wife and the children before going to his classes at the Seminary. When his professors found this out they were glad to be able to offer him the use of a scholarship that would enable him to provide for the needs of his family and continue his studies.

In due time he was well enough prepared to act as stated supply in one of the churches, studying during the week in the Seminary and spending his week-ends and vacations in the town where his charge was located.

The church to which he was sent had had a varied history and when he arrived was at a very low ebb. Attendance at the services was very small and the contribution toward the pastor's salary only eight *pesos* a month. But Don Carlos was not discouraged. He rallied around him a few who were in earnest and asked them to meet him at five o'clock in the morning in an eucalyptus grove on the outskirts of the town for a prayer meeting. It was a small company, but a believing one, that formed this prayer group. It was maintained for more than a month and from it came a revival that has stirred the whole town. The

present building is not large enough for those who attend the services, the contributions have increased to one hundred *pesos,* and there are three new preaching places where volunteer workers speak each week.

And now, having finished his studies, Carlos Urrutia is to be ordained as a Presbyterian minister and can look forward to long years of active service in preaching the Gospel to his own people.

48

The Testing of Penzotti *

By Francis G. Penzotti †

Agent of the American Bible Society for South America

I was twice imprisoned in Peru for preaching the Gospel, once for nineteen days in Arequipa, and once for eight months and two days in the *Casas Matas,* or " House that Kills," in Callao. . . .

The *Casas Matas* is an old gun-powder deposit from the time of the Spaniards. Its name, " The House that Kills," indicates what it is. Some one who had occupied the cell where I was placed had written on the wall the following words:

> " Cell of my sorrows,
> Grave of living men;
> More terrible than death,
> Severer than fetters."

This was the cry of a man in his worldly condition. Fortunately I, converted to Christ, my

* From *Spiritual Victories in Latin America—The Autobiography of F. G. Penzotti.* Translated from the Spanish by Miss Bertha Bell.

† The Rev. Francis G. Penzotti, an ordained minister of the Methodist Church, was born in Northern Italy of Roman Catholic parentage. He went to South America at the age of thirteen and was converted to the Protestant faith at Montevideo at the age of twenty-four. He gave fifty years' strenuous and fruitful service to the extension of the Kingdom of God throughout Latin America.

carnal nature transformed into spiritual, was able to write below that expression of painful sorrow the feelings of my soul:

What matter if my head be bowed
By worldly care and woe;
What matter if I am in chains—
To a happy land I go.

Joyful, tranquil and resigned,
The light at dawn I see;
For Jesus dying on the cross
Has opened Heaven for me.

My family and congregation were also persecuted. Nevertheless they were not annihilated, but went on with the work without missing a single service for worship during those eight months and two days that I remained in prison.

The food which they gave me at *Casas Matas* consisted of peas and rice parboiled; the same for lunch as for supper, rice and peas parboiled. But one of my children daily brought me a little food, which my wife was able to send me. She hoped in this way to preserve my life. But one day my son came to the prison, very sad.

"Mamma sent me to tell you that she cannot send you anything to eat to-day," he said, "because there is no money."

A cloud covered my eyes. Those words, repeated with all the innocence and frankness of the child, showed me vividly the misery, which, as I

had already imagined, was weighing heavily upon my home. It wasn't simply that I had nothing to eat; it was something much worse. I could stand it to be fed with the miserable ration of raw peas and rice which they gave me, although I would have died slowly with a stomach deceived and destroyed by such alimentation. But the words of my child indicated to me that my children and my dear wife, the companion of my troubles, who had left all the comforts of our home at Rosario to follow me in my journey of evangelization—they, the beloved of my soul, did not have even a piece of bread to satisfy their hunger.

Being acquainted with my wife, I knew that before taking the last bite of food in the house for herself, she would have sent it to me. Then for the first time during those long, sad days my heart failed.

"Well!" the voice of the tempter said, "you are a prisoner here, and have no hope of liberty. Your children are without bread. Where now is your God? Are you going to continue trusting in Him and perish here, leaving all your loved ones to perish too? Have you a right to do this? What a famous religion and a famous God is yours!"

But immediately the Spirit of God came to my aid and gave me the victory. I looked calmly at my son and said:

"Go and tell mamma that God is not dead, and

while He lives we will trust in Him and He will not fail us."

It was not long before the child returned, bringing some letters which had arrived while he was at the prison with me. In one of them was a check for a certain sum of money! Some one in the United States, whose name I had never seen or heard of before, neither have I heard of or seen it since, had sent me this. I endorsed the check and handed it to the child.

"My son," I said, "take this to mamma, and buy bread both for you and me."

SYRIA

49

Antonius Yanni Becomes a "Biblischy"*

By Henry Harris Jessup

Missionary to Syria for fifty-six years

ANTONIUS YANNI, vice-consul for the United States in Tripoli, Syria, was obliged to be courteous to all Americans on account of his office. This was against his religious convictions, for he regarded their religion as worse than atheism or Islamism. But when the missionaries, Foote and Wilson, arrived, he became their constant guest.

Day by day he read the Bible with them, until the truth took lodgment in his heart. Mother, brother, sister and uncles protested, entreated, threatened, but to no effect. The whole city was in commotion. Young Yanni, the pride of the family, the hope of the church, the joy of the priests, the friend of the poor, had become a "Biblischy," or Bible man.

Great efforts were made to reclaim the heretical youth. Family, friends and priests all united in trying to prevent him from professing his faith in Christ before men, and finally cursed him in bitter-

*Condensed from *Fifty-three Years in Syria* (Revell).

ness of soul for his apostasy. But none of these things moved him. The greatest anathema of the Greek Church was hurled against him and a long period of bitter persecution, in which all his family joined, followed.

Meanwhile he was instant in season and out of season in doing good. His integrity and faithfulness, and his sunny disposition won him friends on every side. His official position shielded him from public insult and injury, and his character impressed all of every sect with his sincerity. Every morning before day, he took his Bible and went to an upper chamber alone to commune with his God.

By degrees the opposition of his wife Kareemy was softened and eventually, through his prayers and his patient love, every member of the family became evangelical Christians.

Yanni was a Christian of many graces. His benevolence knew no bounds. The poor of every sect, Moslem, Maronite, Catholic and Greek, always found in him a friend. He gave systematically the tenth of all his income to the Lord, and sometimes more. His faith in God was simple and unquestioning. He purchased a small farm in the village of Aba, near Tripoli, and the simple-minded people tell various stories of divine intervention in his behalf.

One day he was looking over his olive orchard, and the gardener called his attention to one tree, a full-grown olive. For years it had produced

nothing and he recommended that it be cut down and some fruitful tree be planted in its place.

"No," said Yanni, "let us dig about it and dung it as in the Scripture parable. If it produces fruit, it shall be given to the Lord, for the use of the missionaries forever. If not, cut it down."

The next year the limbs of that tree bent down under the weight of luscious olives, and the huge earthen olive jars of the missionaries in Tripoli were filled to overflowing. When the persecution in Safita drove down a great company of poor Christians to Tripoli, they feasted on bread and olives from this supply for nearly a month.

At another time, the farmer asked permission to wash the trunks of the fig trees in reddish clay, as an offering to St. John, protector of figs. He refused, saying that his trust was in the God of St. John, who would care for all His creatures. That summer, the fig crop in that vicinity was a failure, although the trees had been faithfully smeared with the reddish clay. But Yanni's trees bore plentifully.

When he was engaged in building, he burned his own lime in a large lime kiln near the village. It was late in the fall and the early rains were expected. The burning was finished and the kiln opened on Saturday, and in the afternoon preparations were made for carrying the lime under cover. Before night the wind blew up from the sea and thick black clouds began to roll up from the south-

west, threatening a heavy rain. The lime was exposed, and if rained upon would be ruined, and thousands of piastres lost. The people crowded around, and as they would all be free on Sunday, offered to join hands in the morning, and take the lime into the house.

"No indeed," said Yanni. "'They that wait for the Lord shall not be ashamed,' and I will not break the Sabbath if I lose all my lime."

The next day the sky thickened and the storm came on. In all the villages on the plain, the rain came down in torrents and the dry beds of the streams overflowed. On the west, south, east and the north, the country was almost deluged. But in the village of Aba, Yanni's village, hardly a drop fell to the ground, and on Monday morning the lime kiln was as dry as Gideon's fleece!

The people all gazed in wonder, and began to believe that Yanni's prayers to Christ were more effective than all their prayers to the saints and angels. In not a few other instances, his faithful observance of the Lord's Day has been signally rewarded; and he accepts it all as not for his own profit, but for the honour of God's name among the people.

50

Layyah's Choice *

Years ago a little barefoot Mount Lebanon girl named Layyah Alkazin was persuaded to go to the mission Sunday-school at Abeih, Syria, just for one Sunday, by a lady missionary who promised her a pair of shoes! That day the old, old story was told so lovingly that the little girl was charmed and decided to go every Sunday and learn to read it in the Bible for herself.

Before long she gave her heart to the Lord Jesus and became an out-and-out Christian. There was persecution, of course, but she bore it bravely for Jesus' sake and continued to follow Him. She had a fine mind and a wonderful memory and, after some years of study, became a teacher in the Presbyterian Mission at Beirut. She was so successful that later on when Dr. Hogg, of the United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt, asked Dr. Jessup to send him a trained teacher for the girls' school in Assiut, she was chosen to go.

One evening after she had been teaching in Assiut for about a year, Dr. and Mrs. Hogg in-

* From notes taken at a personal interview with Madam Barakat many years ago.

vited her to take dinner with them. At the table that night there was another guest—Elias Barakat, a young Syrian who had been educated in the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut and was working in the United Presbyterian Mission at Bulak in Old Cairo. She had met him in the station between trains on the way up to Assiut the year before.

When dinner was over Dr. Hogg asked Layyah to come to his study for a little talk. He began by saying that as she was so far away from home he felt that he must take the part of a father to her. Then he told her that she had two suitors—that two young men had been to him to ask him for her hand in marriage!

One of them was a young man whom she had often seen in Assiut. He was the nephew of Mr. H——, one of the wealthiest men in all Egypt, and he had large means in his own right besides being the adopted son and heir of his uncle. He had much to offer her, but he was not a Christian.

The other was Elias Barakat, the young teacher she had met first in Cairo and then again at dinner that evening.

Dr. Hogg talked the matter over with her and told her how sorry they would be to lose her from the mission. He said that she must feel perfectly free to make her own decision, but his final word was this:

"If you choose Mr. H—— you will have

everything you want in this world, for he has great riches. *But it will not be good for your soul.*

"If you choose Elias Barakat, you will be poor in this world, for he is only a teacher in a mission school. *But it will be good for your soul.*"

Poor young girl! She was barely twenty and far away from home. Dr. Hogg was very kind and gave her two weeks to pray and think it all over before she made her final decision.

"I was torn by desires that drew me in both directions at once," she says in telling the story of her life.* "The more I thought of what lay open to my choice the more I wanted to be rich, to enjoy the wealth, the luxury, the beautiful clothes, the attendance of servants, all the things I had longed for and had never had. It was but a single step and they would all be mine. Then the thought would rise, 'Did you not give your life to Jesus? If you marry this rich Egyptian, you will be no longer useful; all your work for Christ must stop.'"

It was a time of sore temptation, but at the end of two weeks Layyah gave her answer to Dr. Hogg and Elias Barakat was the happy man! She had come to feel that it would be better "to eat bread and salt and serve the Lord than to own all the treasures of Egypt."

The marriage was a very happy one; but after

* See *A Message from Mount Lebanon.* By Layyah A. Barakat, The Sunday School Times Company, p. 97.

several years there was an uprising against all foreigners (especially Christians) and the missionaries were driven out of Egypt for a time. Hundreds of Christians were massacred but Layyah and her husband and little child escaped as by a miracle. They made their way to America where they were not only blest themselves but became a blessing to others.

Even from a worldly standpoint Layyah's choice has proved the best. Large wealth has not been hers, but she has done a great work for God, and in the doing of it has won fame and the plaudits of thousands. Soon after coming to America she developed a power in public speaking that enabled her to hold and interest immense throngs of people and thrill them by her eloquence as she told her story and gave the Gospel message.

"God seems to have made of me an object-lesson to teach others the truth of His ever-watchful love and care," she says, "and of the value of the foreign mission work that made me what I am. As you see, in a small way, I am a fruit of foreign missions."

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